DREAMS CHANGED.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY AUGUST BELL.

How I used to dream and dream would climb to reach so many Heights of fame more sweet than any Heights of love could ever seem. I would be a little queen,

With my flattering court about me, All to worship, none to doubt me, While I sat cold and serene.

I would travel, go to Rome, Live like Hilds in a turret With the kingly hills before it,my window doves should come As they did in that sweet story,-There I would dwell high, apart Free from every human While I earned and waited glory.

I would hide in quaint old Prague, Or some small Norwegian town,-Live my foreign life alone,-

Or in Holland by the Hague.

All seemed possible,—O, strength,
O, sweet freedom of my youth, Ye were beautiful in truth But there cometh change at length

So I waited, mused and dreamed, Thought of love but to forego it, Though some day some king or post Might come wooing as I deemed. That was like some far bright bubble

Which might break; -when suddenly Came my lord, my king, to me, Threw my soul in sweetest trouble

Where is Rome? I do not care,—
Love, my world is where thou art,
To my world then take my heart?
Let cold fame fade off in air. And no window seemeth fair Save one where I watch for thee.

Bonds of love, how sweet ye are !

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER. A TALE OF THE SOUTH-WEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

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CHAPTER III.

PLANNING ESCAPE.

"Hist, lady!" said I, in a low, impressive ne; "we are your friends. Do not be alarmed, keep perfectly quiet, and we may save you!"

Her breath came quick, and I could feel heart beat during the brief period she leaned against my breast

Are you one of the travellers these villains are looking for ?" she inquired, in a manner that wed her possessed of great presence of mind. Yes, Miss Brandon," I answered, "and we have been near enough to your captors, since they took the gag from your mouth, to hear nearly all of their conversation. Tous, you see,

among other things, I have already learned your

And where are your friends ?"

Right here-close at hand." 'I'm one on 'em, Miss, at your sarvice !" said aleo Stebbins, coming forward; "and, great ginger ! if I aint glad you've got away from them are fellers, you can pizen me. I only wish you'd brung our hosses with you; but that of course ou couldn't do, and I'm only joking bout that.

How'd you do it, any how?"

"The ruffians in charge of me were not holding me," replied the lady; "and, while they were busily engaged in conversation, I slipped off. But we are not ease here:" she hurriedly and anxiously added; "we must get further off! for they will soon beat up this thicket."

"This way," said I, taking hold of her hand and setting forward, I knew not whither, except that it was descent into the word and setting forward.

that it was deeper into the wood and further off

Meantime the loud calls of the two men at the stable had been heard and answered by the party who had gone to the hut, and we could now and then catch a glimmer of the light of the lantern through the trees, as they ca ning back to begin the search for the lady who

"Oh, gentlemen, if you can succeed in delivering me from these ruffi ans and restoring me my father, you shall all be handsomely re-arded l" said the lady, as we hurried back deeper into the wood.

For myself, I want no reward beyond the "I hope that chance is now yours; and, adove from the talons of valtures!" returned I, "Nor I nother," said Caleb S.ebbins, "'cept, if I lose my hose and things, I wouldn't much "Oh, air, believe me, I feel more gratitude i escape.

mind having about that are amount made up to me, 'cause it 'ud go putty hard with me, in the

present state of my puss, to have to buy another critter and the rest." And how is it with you, Peter ?" I inquired. "Vell, I don't says not'ing," answered the atchman, "'cause I not much don't speak En-

glish already. "These two persons," I explained to Miss Brandon, "are almost as much strangers to me as to yourself—we never having met till this evening; but I believe I can safely promise that, reward or no reward, they will do everything in

their power to save you."
"Great ginger! yes, I guess so!" responded

"Yaw, dat's it!" added the Dutchman "Well, gentlemen, I assure you your kindness shall not be overlooked," rejoined Miss Brandon, "and your horses shall be replaced by as many as you may choose to name."

'Ph-e-e-w!" was the surprised and delighted f-whistle of the Yankee. "I snum to Guinea! "I soum to Guinea!

I guess you're putty rich, Miss?"

"My father is, sir!"

"How much du you calculate he's wo'th

"I have no idea of the amount, sir; but he owns a large cotton plantation near the Red river, worked by a great many field hands, and a large sugar plantation in one of the lower

"Du tell! I snum! Jerusalem! Be you ar shild now? or might there be others

"I have one brother older, and one brother and sister younger than myself."
"And how old be you, if it's a fair question?" pursued the loquisitive Yankee.

"Come, come, Mr. Stebbins, I think you are getting rather too personal!" I interposed. "Because we are doing a common act of hu-manity, in trying to save the lady from the hands of robbers and murderers, we have no right to catechise her as if she were on the witness

"Nay," rejoined the lady, "let him question to his heart's content, and then he will be better satisfied. If I am not mistaken, he is a native of one of the New England States!"

"Jest as sure's you live, Miss—Connecticut; but how'd you come to guess?"

"Because I spent three years at a female seminary in Massachusetts, and know something of the peculiar idioms of the people of that

"Sho! you don't say so! Wal, I like you all the better for that now; and I'll see you safe home agin, or die trying on't.—I snum, I will!"
"Thank you kindly, sir! You asked about
my age: I am just turned of nineteen."
"Aint married, I guess, be you!"
"I should hardly be called Miss Brandon if I

"That's a fact, I snum! I 'spect I'm kind of forgitting myself. Wal, I don't want to question you tew much now; but I'd jest like to know how them scamps come to git hold of you, and carry you off from home, and what they was

oing to du with you?"
"What they intended to do with me, I know no more than yourself, sir!" replied Miss Bran-don. "I had been riding out alone—as has often been my custom during the past yearand was returning through a belt of wood, near sunset, about a quarter of a mile frem my father's dwelling, when suddenly three men sprung into the path before me. One instantly seized my horse by the bit, and the other two dragged me from his back and proceeded to gag me, though not before I had uttered two or three loud acreams, and had had the satisfaction of knowing they were heard by the overseer and some of the negroes in the adjoining field. Ere they could come to my rescue, however, one of the come to my rescue, nowever, one of the ruffians eprung upon my beast, secured me in front of him, and rode swiftly away, the other two men following him. A few hundred yards from where I was seized, the man in charge of me stopped, in a thicket, where there were six horses and three other men. As soon as the two on foot reached this place, they all mounted separate animals and dashed away together, two riding on each side of me and guiding my horse, and the four others leading and following, so that I had no means of getting away. It soon grew dark, and a heavy shower overtook us, but they did not halt. They forded one or two streams on their route, and about an hour before reaching this place they crossed a broad bayon, or pond, in a large, clumsy boat, that they poled over. This is pretty much all I know of the matter, except what I suppose you have overheard of our conversation since our arrival

"Permit me to tay, Miss Brandon," I now joined in, "that I think you a remarkably courageous young lady—one out of a thousand if not a million—to appear so cool and collected under such fearful circumstances!"

Perhaps I am not so cool and collected as you suppose," she replied; "but I feel that my liberty, if not my life, or something worse, is at stake, and I have nerved myself to speak and act as I have. There is certainly no use of dying more than once; and if kind Providence will give me one chance of escape, I will try not to mass it through timidity or hesitation." "I hope that chance is now yours; and,

than words can express !" she rejoined, in a tone that betrayed considerable emotion.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1867.

All this time we were steadily pushing for-ward through the thicket, but speaking in low, guarded tones, and making as little noise as pos-sible. Occasionally we heard the ruffians calling to each other, cursing and swearing; but their voices seemed gradually growing more distant, as if we were gradually getting further and further from them. I had no fear of their finding us during the night; but unless we should be far away from them by daylight, the case might be different. I mentioned this fact to Miss Brandon, and inquired if she had any idea our present locality, and if she thought she could readily find her way back to her father's

"I regret to say I do not believe I could," she swered. "I was never here before; and my ride having mostly been made in the night, I do not even know in what direction to look for my

"You mentioned crossing a broad bayou, or

"Yes: but there are so many such in this re gion that I can form no conjecture from that fac whether our route was either east, west, or south from our starting point. I am only certain that we are on the southern side of Red river."

said I "This is a perplexing predicament," said and I am really at a loss what to advise or de

"and I am really at a loss what to advise or do. If we were to get upon the route over which you came, and hurry on in the proper direction, we should soon be stopped by the pond."

"But I say you, Doctor Walbridge," now quickly put in the Yankee, "if there's a boat on't, on this side, that are'd be all in our favor, wouldn't it? Hey, Peter! what d'you say?"

"Yaw, I dinks no alread!" realled the replied the "Yaw, I dinks so already!"

Dutchman.
"True," returned I, catching at the idea as the first ray of hope I had seen, "the boat and pond would be in our favor indeed, for by that seans we might cut off pursuit from these ruf-lans long enough to make our escape a safe uccess. But how to find the pond in the dark—

that is the point!"

We halted where we were, and discussed the matter for half an hour, each one suggesting whatever struck him or her at the moment as the most feasible for the accomplishment of our purpose. At last it was decided that we should return to the stable—or at least as near it as our safety would permit—and endeavor to get into the road, or path, by which the ruffians had come hither—believing, if we could once find that, and get started in the right direction, we

could easily keep it to the water and the boat.
"Hy-the-by, Miss Brandon," said I, "another
thought has just struck me: had this boat a ferryman in attendance when you reached it? or

did the kidnappers themselves row it over?" "Two or three of them dismounted and poled or rowed it over," she replied; "but I am not so certain there was not a man there in waiting for them. It seems, now I think of it, as if there might have been another among them while they were crossing; but it was very dark—the lantern, which had been lighted and carried by the foremost, was at no time very near me during the passage across the water—and being a good deal excited, under the circumstances, I did not notice whether the number of the ruf-

dans was increased or not. "If there was no one in charge of the boat, it will probably be where they left it," said I, "otherwise it may be on the other side. It also struck me that if one or more of their party should be in possession, we might have some trouble with him or them; but time enough to think of that when we get there perhaps ! first thing is to find the road leading thither, and

this we must set about at once." Accordingly we began to cautiously pick o way back to the stable; and so slowly, stealthily and uncertainly did we work to this purpose, that it was a full half hour before we reached the opening near which it stood. On our way thither, we heard nothing of the villains; and as we now paused to listen, all around us remained as eilent as if no such dread beings were abroad on a dark mission. Had they given up the search and gone to rest? or were they out seek-

ing us in the dark wood?
In a cautious whisper I warned my on nions to tread more stealthily than ever, and not to make a sound above a breath; and in this manner we moved out from the thicket, in single file, and advanced to the spot where I had first seen the ruffians halted. The night was still, seen the ruffians halted. The night was still, and so dark that we could only see each other in the opening as so many shadows. How were we to find the path through the forest even now?

As well as you can remember," I whispered to Miss Brandon, "lead on in the direction from which you first came hither !"

"I will do my best," she replied.

In less than a quarter of an hour more, we found what we believed to be the path by which found what we believed to be the pain by which the kidnappers had approached the hut. I got down on my knees and felt the ground carefully. "We are right," I whispered, "for here are the prints of horses' hoofs coming from a direc-

tion opposite to ours. With this we all took hold of each other, and began to move forward on the trace, or trail, in a slow and noiseless manner.

In a few minutes we found ourselves passing through a thicket on a travelled path, and were satisfied we had discovered the right way to And all this time we had heard nothing more

After getting back in this way some half a mile from the stable, and still feeling satisfied that we were right, we all began to breathe more freely and become more sanguine of success

"Consarn it all, if we only had our hosse now!" said Caleb Stebbins.

"And may we not have?" said I, as a new idea occurred to me.
"Why, how'll we rit 'em'."

"By a bold ruse, if you have the courage to enture it, Mr. Stebbins!" "I'd ventur so'thing, I snum, rather than lose that are critter of mine, and them maddle-bags and things, for all Miss Brandon here says she'll

and things, for all Miss Brandon here says she'll see it made up to me!"

"Oh, gentlemen, I beg of you think not of your property, as property, if you can aid me to escape without it!" said the lady. "If it is the value of your horses, rather than their present use, you are considering, let all go as nothing, and I promise you you shall be repaid ten-fold!"

"With me," I answered, "it is not so much the value of the beast as the means of escape. If we had our begreen at the ferry and could."

If we had our horses at the ferry, and could n, we should nce get over the water you menti have little to fear from these rufflane; but, or foot, the journey for you would at the best slow and tedious and we might be overtaken uld at the best be

"There is truth in what you say, sir!" replied the lady. "But how, may I ask, can you get your horses from the possession of these vil-

Brandon; but my idea was this: We have all escaped from these fellows—and they may, or may not, at this moment be searching for us—at all events we know they would be glad to find us—and it struck me that if I were to return to the thicket we left, and begin a loud conversation, as if with my companions, they might all be drawn off in pursuit of me, and leave the stable unguarded, during which time Mr. Stebbins and his friend here could manage

where it would be my hope to join you."
"Geriainly a bold and dangerous proceeding !" said Miss Brandon.
"Ticklish as all git-out, I tell you!" chimed in the Yankee.
"Do you all think the plan too hazardous?"

I asked. "Is it reasonable to suppose that all the ruf-

ians would at once be drawn off in pursuit of you?" inquired the lady.
"I should endeavor, by changing my voice,"

I replied, "to make them believe us all to be in the thicket together; and it seems probable to me, that, if they were to so believe, they would all attempt our capture together, fearing a part might fail."

"And you really think there is a possibility

of your plan succeeding ?"

I da "Well, I am but a woman, and it is perhaps not proper for me to have a voice in the matter."

"As one whose life is equally concerned, I think differently!" said I. "Speak out frankly, Mise Brandon, and rest assured your counse shall have due consideration!"

"Yes, Miss, I'll agree tu all that !" coincided

Caleb Frankly then," said Miss Brande "I think the scheme one of peril, but having the promise of success. Under the peculiar circumstances, if I were a man, I should try the venture.

"There, Stebbins, what do you say to that?"
"Wal, I don' know, I snum! It's mighty ticklish, I tell you—that's a fact! If them fellers should all put out arter you, and stay away long enough, Peter and I could git out the hosses; but if they shouldn't all leave, you know, or if they'd happen to come back afore we'd got off, it wouldn't be so nice, I calculate!"

"You are very cautious, air!" said Miss Bran-on, in a way that would not have flattered me n the least.

"Yes, it runs in the hall Stebbine family!"

"Then I suppose you are not descended from very long line of heroes? You mean fighting men? soldiers and them?"

"Courageous mes, of course!"
"Wal, I don' know how many, 'cause I can't

trace 'em back very for; but my gran'ther he fit in the Revolution, and I guess was about as brave as anybody; and there's no one sence him, not even me, that 'ui hack down one sence which the kidnap right thing when it comes to the pinch! Then I suppose we can count on you to as-

sist in carrying out the plan just proposed?"
"Wal, yes, if you all decide on't, I calculate
you can!' replied Caleb, in a rather hesitating nanner. "But what'll you du, Miss, while we're "I will go with you, and endeavor to be of

"Nay, Miss Brandon," said I, "do not run

any unnecessary risk yourself!"
"I do not think the risk unnecessary," she replied, "and I am not certain the danger to myself would be increased by my taking an active part. At all events, it is not my nature

hen I know I am not overstepping the limits of propriety, or the line of duly I did not annoy her with further objections. I already understood enough of her character to be certain she had a courageous heart, and a wifi and mind of her own; and so, after some

to shrink from what others dare-especially

further conversation, by which we arranged ou present action and future meeting as well as could be done under the circumstances, I withdrew from the party, to begin the execution of

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CHAPTER IV.

THE RUSE SUCCESDS I was successful in deceiving the ruffians. It took me some half an hour to find the exact spot to suit my fancy; and then I opened a conver-sation with my imaginary friends, obanging my voice in replying to myself. My very words were calculated to deceive the villains, and lead were calculated to deceive the villates, and lead them to suppose we had unconsciously run into a trap. I began by congratulating my compa-nions on our escape from the stable, and de-clared myself highly gratified at the fact of the

young lady having fallen in with us.
"Great ginger! didn't we have a run for't?"
said imaginary traveller number one, in a voice
so like Caleb Stebbins' that the Yankee himself would have been surprised, if not startled, had he been within hearing.

"I dinks it was more as dree mile already!" said imaginary traveller number two, in the very tone and accent of the Dutchman.

"Yes," rejoined I, in my own natural voice, we have all been successful in making our ce-"we have all been successful in making our es-cape so far, and now we can safely remain here till morning and take daylight for the rest of our flight. Miss Brandon here must be a good deal fatigued in pushing through the thickets so rapidly on foot, and must refresh herself with rest before we set off again."

Now as all this was said within a stone's throw

Now as all this was said within a store's throw of the stable, and in rather loud, careless, con-fidant tones, I felt very certain, if the ruffians were there, they would immediately set out to surround the supposed party, doubtless chuckling to themselves at the idea of our having re-turned to our starting point, and consequently into their power, while believing ourselves put-

ting miles between them and us.

As it was no part of my design to be captured myself, but only to draw the ruffians off tured myself, but only to draw the rumans on on a long, midnight chase, and thus give my companions time to get possession of our horses and effect their escape, I now of course listened intently to detect the slightest sound of daner. I was not long kept in suspense; my voice and been heard exactly as I intended; and soon there was a gentle rustling of the bushes, and one or two slight snapping sounds, as of some-thing breaking under cautious feet. "Hollo!" I now suddenly shouted, as if sur-

prised and alarmed; "here is new trouble!-some of the rascals have followed us, and are now close upon us!—we must be off again! Run, boys—run! Here, Miss Branden, give me your hand, and now let us fly together!"

With the last word I began to thrash through the bushes, making as much noise as I could, and at the same time running as fast as my limbs would carry me in the same direction I had taken before.

And I had good reason for running now, for the devils were really at my heels. With loud shouts, the ruffians now threw off all attempts at concealment and came bounding after me. It was a race for life on my part—for I knew, if taken, my earthly adventures would come to a termination-and I did my myself from their angry clutches. I drew one of my pistols and held it in my hand, deter-mined to lodge its contents in the breast or head of the first man who should lay hold of me. Fortunately I was not required to use itthough so close was one of my pursuers at one time that I could bear him pant just be-

On the whole I made a narrow escape. I ran for half an hour, drawing off all the villians in pureuit; and then, it being dark and in a thick wood, I easily cluded the whole of them, and returned almost upon my very tracks to the stable. I approached it with great caution, and, finding nobody there, ventured in, and discovered that my horse and those belonging to my companions were gone. This satisfied me that Caleb and Peter had been successful in getting possession of the animals; and I lost no time in setting off for the ferry, where we were event of everything succeeding

On once more finding the travelled path by which the kidnappers had resched the place, I examined the ground with my hands, and to my great joy discovered prints of shod horses going from the stable. This was proof enough that my plan had been successfully carried out in all its parts, and I set off on the new trail as fast as the darkness would permit. But I did not set feel at case. The first dan

ger was past, but there was no calculating how long myself and friends might be free from new perils. The kidnsppers might return to the stable at any minute, discover the loss of our horses and the way they had gone, and set off on a flerce pursuit. For myself individually I had little fear, except so far as I felt in honor bound to jeopardise my life to save the young lady from their clutches and see her safely re-stored to her family; and as it was by no means certain they might not overtake her at the ferry, I was fully determined, in case of being present

woman. This girl was a stranger to me; I had not yet so much as even seen her face in a light strong chough to distinguish it from a thousand correct on the water. I was fearful it were hurriedly obeyed. There was no time to was a ground. I best down, put my ear to the strong chough to distinguish it from a thousand correct feet was a from the ruffi and became thoroughly convinced that how loud and heavy, and probably not more than an eighth of a mile divided us from our purwhat I had overheard of the conversation bewhat I had overseard of the control tween herself and her captors, and the statement she had subsequently made to myself and companions; but I felt she was one in need of a strong arm, and, so far as my humble power out of the way ould go, I was resolved she should have it.

It is not easy to make rapid progress upon strange path, through a thick wood, in a dark night; and though I did the best I could, it wan at least an hour and a half from the time of setting out on the trail of my companions before I to find them and the boat in waiting. They were there, on the low, swampy beach of a wide that I could not see across in the dark ness. I shouted to them as I ran up, and was received with warm words of congratulation and welcome Each was mounted on a separate beast, and Peter held the bridle of my own. "Thank God, my dear friend, that you have

eecaped and joined us! I was so fearful you had fallen into the hands of the ruffians!" said Miss Brandon, in a tone that betrayed consider

able emotion.
"But the boat?" I exclaimed, feeling the peril of a moment's delay; "the boat? where

Great ginger! there's the trouble!" replied Caleb, in a tone of anxiety and alarm. "Some body—one of them are tarnal thickes, I specthas took it over to'ther side.'

'Cause 'taint here, and I've hollered over and got an answer."

What answer did you get?" "Sombody axed who we was and what we

"I told him we wanted the boat in tarna

"And what did he say to that ?" "Not a dern thing; and I haint ben able to git rothing out of him sence, consarn him! At last I got mad and tired, and concluded I'd wait hast I got man and three, and concludes I'd wait till you come, and see if you could make out any better. I begun to think, though, you wa'n't agoing to come; and I got scart, I tell you! I'm drea ful glad to see you safe here now—I snum

to Guinea, I am—that's a fact!"
"This delay is full of peril!" said I, hurriedly;
" and we must get away from here soon, either

across this water or in some other direction!"

I then briefly narrated all that had occurred to me; and my fears that the villians might return to the stable, find the horses gone, suspect the ruse, trace out the direction of flight, and

"Oh, it is terrible, to think of falling into their hands sgain!" said Miss Brandon, with a

"And you shall not, if in my power to save returned I. Brave sir, I hope I may live to reward you

and your companions for this noble devotion to the welfare of a helpless girl !" she warmly re-

To see you safe among your friends will be

reward enough for me," I replied.
"And if I git off safe with my hose, I shan't ax nothing nother, I guess!" chimed in the Yan-kee "though," he immediately added, "I've lost some things by them are thieves, that's a fact; but that wa'n't your fault, Miss, you know, and 'twouldn't hardly be right to spect you to pay for 'em, I calculate, without you tok the notion to du it yourself now."

"How long have you been here?" I in

More'n au hour, I guess. You see, ies lering acter you, we went up to the stable plaguy careful; and not finding nobody there, we fetched out the houses putty quick, you know and jest as soon as we could git bridles and sad dies on to 'em, we put out like blazes, and come here as much as we could, and have ben here

And how long since you called to the ferry

man and got an answer?"
"Wal, I hollered over jest as soon's I found there wa'n't no boat here; and he yelled back in less than tew minutes, I should say"

"And only replied once?"

and what, from the sound of his voice, and indeed?' she ane indeed the distance to be across the water her face aside, as if she were blue

I wouldn't be actonished if it's half a mile What do you think, l'eter?"
I dinke yes," replied the Dutchman

"If this ferryman belongs to this gang of villains, as I suspect," said I, "he would hardly come over for a strange voice, and cepecially on be would be so certain of as yours. I will try what I can do. You all recollect the voice of the man called Blake! Now, take notice, and tell me

bow near I come to imitating it!"
I made the trial. That's it, I soum! her l'eter!"

Yaw, more likes him as himzelf already!"
Perfect!" exclaimed Miss Brandon.

"I think this man Blake is the leader of this I said, in explanation; "and if so, and I can deceive the man on the other side of the

I now made the trial in sailor fashion-shout ing, in the voice of Blake

repeated the call three times before I got an answer, and then it came in the shape of the

"Hon't you know Blake, stupid? Come, hurry over! Eve no time to waste here!"

eaid this at aventure, not knowing of cours that the man even knew the name of the leader the kidneppere. I was rejoiced the next minute, however, to find that I had made a

Ay | ay " was the cheering answer, followed by a splashing of the water by a splanning of the water, which we could near very distinctly, the night being still.

In a few minutes we fancied we could see a dark object on the water, in the faint line of light between the two shores. I now becarse very impatient, for at the same time I fancied I heard the distant sound of horses' feet. Nothin more likely than that the villains had got back covered the trick played upon them, and set off in pursuit. If so, our lives might depend upon the slow moving boat reaching the beach before them.

"Come ' come! burry over!" I shouted. "Yes, Marser, Pe doing my best, I is!" the reply, in a voice there was no mistaking for the rullians were in partial than to be prepared succe.

"Now push off, Sam!" I exclaimed, in the

"Jehoshophat I" exclaimed Caleb, in starm, "can't we streak it of somewhere else, and git out of the way, if that are nigger don't git here in time with his derned old mad scow?"

"Where can we go?" said ! "For all I know, we may be on an island; and it may be neces eary to cross this water, or some other, to get among homest settlers. Whatever we do, we should certainly be prepared to defend ourselves is case the worst comes to the worst !

"Conearn the nigger!" whined the vallant Mr. Stebbins: "I only wish I had a rope around his tarnal neck, I guess I'd fetch him over about

the quickest!"
"Have you plenty of weapons, gentlemen?"
asked Miss Brandon.
"A brace of pistols apiece," I answered.

"If you will trust me with one, I will show ou, at the proper time, that I know how to use

I' she firmly rejoined.
"Indeed then," said I, "you shall have one of mine, for your own protection!" and I put it

You may think it rather strange," she ex plained; "but I am not altogether like young ladics in general, and have practiced a little of almost every manly sport, in my own quiet way If I had had any suspicion of being assaulted, I should have gone out armed, for I have weapons of my own at home, and then the ruffians might not have had quite so pleasant a time in carry

ing me off!"
"They must have had some strong motive for

"They must have had some strong mouvelor kidnapping you," said I, "and unquestionably it was a part of some dark, wicked plot!" "It is all a mystery to me!" she replied. "Perhaps it was done to revenge them on your father; toward whom, if I may judge from the few remarks I overheard, they bear no good

It may have been," she rejoined, " for my father is at the head of a band of Regulators, imposed of our best citizens, and organized for utual protection against all gangs and combi nations of gamblers, horse thieves, negro-steal-ers, and outlaws generally, with which this Southern country has been cursed for years. Several of the bold villains have been caught and published at different times—some by hang-ing, some by whipping, and some by branding and being ordered out of the State, never to re-turn except on pain of death."

Was the man called Joe Horset one of

"He was publicly whipped last spring for conniving at the escape of some negroes from a plantation on which he was employed as an overseer. He might have fared worse; but the evidence against him was rather circumstantial than positive, and his employer, Mr. La Grango, did not wish him too harshly dealt with."

"ILa Grapge?" exclaimed I; "that is the name of a planter I intended to visit—perhaps it is the same! Has he a son named Ernest, who recently graduated at a medical college in Phila-

"He has!" replied Miss Brandon, in a tone of surprise; "do you know him?"
"Yes, he was my class mate and friend; and

when we parted last, I received a very pressing invitation from him to come and make him a long visit. Rusiness having led me into this region, I had shought of putting his hospitality to the teet."
"Oh, sir, I am delighted to know you are the

friend of Ernest La Grange, who is also a friend of mine!' said Miss Brandon, in a quick, animated tone. "Our estates join, and our families are very intimate. Ha" she added, as a new idea seemed to strike her suddenly; "I have heard you called Deter Walbridge, by our Yankee friend here, and I have more than once heard Ernest speak of a friend of his by the name of Laslie Walbridge?"

That is my name, Miss Brandon ? ' "Then, Heaven be praised von are no longer a stranger to one to whom you have already proved yourself so true and noble a friend !" she exclaimed, extending her hand

less than tew minutes, I should say "
"And only replied once?"
"That's all, consarn him!"
"And what, from the sound of his voice, do in judge the distance to be across the water."
"If we you indeed?" she exclaimed, extending ner name, which in turn I warmly seized and pressed.
"And now I think of it," said I, "I am sure I have heard Ernest La Grange speak of a certain Miss Alice Brandon!"
"Have you indeed?" she answered, turning

it was too dark for me to see. "I hope he said nothing very bad of her!"

" May I trust it will not displease you to assured she was little less than an angel in his estimation?"
"Will that boat never reach here " she said

wickly, looking off on the water That was indeed the all important point no

and could I have hastened its progress by any act of mine, I should not have stood idly th conversing on matters so foreign to the great in terest at stake

"It gits nearer, I spect, but that are nigger's drea'ful slow!" said Caleb. "There! hark! ain't them hoeses I hear?"

A light breeze certainly brought very dis tinctly to our ears a low, rumbling, pattering sound, and I did not doubt for a moment that the villains were in hot pursuit. Would they reach the beach here before the boat? that was water, and fancied the boat was much nearer. Ten minutes I thought would decide the tion one way or the other.

All conversation now ceased, and we stood in almost breathless silence, listening to the creak-ing and splashing on the water, and the low, dull, pattering sound that came to us over the route we had travelled, occasionally swelling out quite distinctly and then dying away so as only faintly to be heard.

Five minutes thus passed, and the clattering of horses' hoofs was quite distinct; but the boat was clearly visible and drawing near the

chore. "Come! hurry, boy! hurry!" I said, in the

"Yes, Marser, old nigger Sam's a doing his best, he am "" We all moved down to the point where the boat would touch the shore, so as to be ready to hasten aboard. I did not mount my borse, for I intended to leap upon the craft the first

or I intended to negro.
one and secure the negro.
The was an important thing to know, and I asked the question.
"Yes, Marser Blake," he replied, puffing and

panting, "and dar's der defituality die chile

repart of gallantry, such as often led the knights of the good old days of chivalry to expouse the cause and do battle in defence of an unprotected woman. This girl was a stranger to me; I had not yet so much as even seen her face in a light strong choough to distinguish it from a thousand others of her care. I was fearful it were harriedly obeyed. There was no time to other of her care of her care

voles of Blake; " push off as quick as you can ! The megro now discovered there was some-thing wrong. He heard the approaching borses suspected some trick. Instead of using his pole as I directed, he came close up to me and looked full in my face. I drew my pistol and thrust the muzzle sgainst his cheek.

Push off the boat, Sam, this moment," I raid, in a low, determined tone, " or I will blow

your brains out ! "Yee, Marser, I does it !" he answered, shrinking back and using his pole with such dexterity, that instantly the end of the ecow, which had touched the shore, swung around and

put us fairly affoat.

I stumbled upon another pole and immediately begun to use it; and at the same time both Caleb and Peter dismounted and hurried to my

we had scarcely got twenty feet from the shore, when two of the foremost ruffians came dashing up to the water's edge, and we could hear the others clattering close behind.

"Ho, Sam, what—fool work is this shouted the voice of the genuine Blake. "I back with that boat here, this minute, or I'll have your black heart out of you!"
"So please you, good Mr. Blake, he will do nothing of the kind," I replied, "for I am master

And who the devil are you ?" shouted Blake.

"One of the gentlemen who had the felicity to outwit you to night!" The others now came dashing up, one after the other; and pretty soon there was some fear ful cursing and swearing, as the villains found they were foiled. Then came a rapid discharge of pistols, and bullets flew in among us too close for safety. One of them struck the Yankee's horse and both wounded and frightened him He began to rear and pitch; and before his owner could seize his bridle, over he went, ca-reening the boat and giving it a momentum that

eent it further from the shore.
"Darn it all to darnation!" cried Caleb Steb bins, now furious with rage at the loss of his beart; "take that are, and that are, you gallus scamps, you!" and, as he spoke, he discharged his pistols at the ruffians, and with such good effect that a yell and a groan followed.

"Give is to them, Peter " I exclaimed, at the same time discharging my own weapon. Three more shots succeeded to mine, and sub-sequently Miss Brandon handed me back an

empty pistol. anything but agreeable, and, uttering bitter

ses, galloped away.
"Great ginger! only think of my having to lose that are critter arter all! and my saddle bridle, saddle-bags, and all my things tew!

groaned Caleb Stebbins, wringing his hande.
"Never mind, my friend! I will see you doubly repaid if we escape!" returned Miss Brandon. The Yankee's horse was apparently more seared than hurt; for we could see that he managed to swim ashore; and had it not been for the danger of the venture, we might have turned the boat back and caught him. We felt the rick was too great for the reward, however, and continued to work our boat away from the shore. When we had got far enough out to feel safe against pistol shots. I called the parties together

for consultation.
"My friends," I said, "assisted by a kind Providence, we have done wonders to night in escaping from this band of cut-throats and I am strong in the hope that we shall now keep clear of them, though I am by no means certain. What we may find on the other side of this bayou, is beyond our present knowledge; but it is my opinion we had better remain on the water till daylight, believing we shall be safer here than in groping our way in the dark over an un-known country. As to these fellows we have left behind, there is no knowing what they may attempt or be capable of accomplishing. Perthere is another ferry-boat, or perhaps there is On these points I must question the negro.

I called the black to me and began to reload my pietol.
"Sam," said I, in that calm, quiet, determined

terested with the idea of a fixed resolution, "Sam, do you know what I have in my hand?" "Jse—Ise—sert o' spects it—am—am—a pis-tol, Marser!" repiled the black, in a hesitating,

You are right, Sam-it is a pistol. Now de

ou know what I am doing to it?"
"Ise—specis—you am—loading it."
"Right, Sam—I am loading it, with powder and ball; and if you don't truly answer me every question I ask you, to the best of your know-ledge and belief, I intend to blow your brains out! Do you understand me, boy ?"*
"Ye ye yes, Marser!" answered Sam, trem

"To begin then-are you a free negro or

diave! 'I'm a slave Marger ' "Who is your master? and where does be

live?" " lee docen't know, Mareer."

know

" No. Mareer." " Does nobody claim you?"

Yes, Marser-mos' everybody Do you have charge of this boat?" Yes, Marser."

"How long have you been employed here as ferryman?"

'lee doesn't know dat, Mareer -a hundred year, I specis." I asw at once the poor fellow knew nothing about time, and I was about proceeding with

the next question, when the Yankee suddenly exclaimed, in great indignation : "See here, you black nigger, now none of hem are lies of yourn! 'cause we aint no green come to put up with any sich derned nonsense Why, I'll jest bet a cow, you aint fifty years old yourself—now, come—and so how could you a ben a ferrying here a hundred years, hey? Git

I heard Miss Brandon laugh, and I explained to Mr. Stebbins that Sam probably answered thus through ignorance, and with no design of deceiving us. Caleb grumbled out that he badn't no opinion of sich ignoramuses."

*A male negro in the South is always termed a boy " without regard to age

Dar's two small boats, Marser!"

"Where are they?"
"One dar, and t'other dar," he replied, pointing to each side of the bayon.

This was not agreeable information, for the uffians might cross over ahead of us.

I next inquired who they were and what was their business; but the negro declared that he knew nothing about them, except that they and many others often crossed in his boat, some-times with horses and sometimes with negroes. I put a great many questions, with my utmost ingenuity, but failed to elicit anything satisfactory. The black was either really ignorant of all I wished to know, or else was too shrewd to let me get the facts from him. I suspected the latter

The night was now pretty well advanced, and we remained on the water till daylight - waiting, watching, hoping, dreading, fearing.
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SATURDAY BURNING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JAN. 12, 1867.

THE OUTLAW'S DAUGHTER;

A TALE OF THE SOUTHWEST.

BY EMERSON BENNETT. We commenced this new story by Mr. Bennett in Tue Post of January bib-the first number

To those who have read "The Phantom of the Forest" and "The White Slave, a Tale of Mexico," we need scarcely say that a story full

of interest and adventure may be expected. Those wishing to obtain the whole of this story, had better send in their subscriptions at as early a date as possible. The early numbers of the stories published this year were exhausted before the demand was satisfied, although we printed an extra edition. And we have been mable for the last mouth to furnish a regular series of back numbers of THE POST-owing to the entire edition of certain weeks being exbausted

WATER

Could we follow water through all its devious channels, and trace all the ends it fulfills in its ceaseless round from and to the ocean, we should find it an actor of surpassing importance in the economy of the earth. The ocean reservoir of this ubiquitous fluid occupies much the greater portion of the surface of the globe, and forms the native element of a population which prob-ably greatly exceeds in number that of the land surface. One of the four types of animals, the surface. One of the four types of animals, the Radiata, is, with a single exception, exclusively marine; a second, the Mollusca, has relatively few land representatives; and even the highest class of all, the Mammal, finds its bugest form in that sea monster, the whale.

Here animal and vegetable life first began,

the seas being thickly inhabited ages before the appearance of any land organisms. To this day the highest animals in their embryonic state manifest this fact, being provided with a breathing apparatus analogous to the gills of fishes, be-fore the true lungs appear. The ocean more-over has rendered an inestimable service in preserving those marvellous fossil remains which enable us to obtain some conception of the chro-nology and conditions of the earth through all

its vast periods. From the ocean the porce of the atmospherdrink their fill of aqueous vapor, conveying it over the land surface by the influence of the winds. Here i immediately becomes available, by its high absorptive power, to hinder the free escape of radiant heat from the surface,—as shown in the beautiful experiments of Tyndall preventing those extreme changes from heat to cold which would otherwise render the earth uninhabitable. Gathering into opaque vapor, it gives the surface needful relief from the constant fervor of the summer rays, and at the same time restores the electric balance of the earth, constantly disturbed by the solar action. ts next manifestation is as rain, which ultimately gathers into springs, rivers, and lakes, with their manifold uses, but which immediately serves to moisten the whole soil, rendering posible the growth of vegetable germs, to moreover it serves as the necessary liquid flux, carrying dissolved nutritive material to their

tissues, and being vaporised by their leaves. Its dissolving and disintegrating action tends to degrade all elevations, depositing their materials at lower levels, and by river action ulti-mately spreading them out on the bottom of lakes and seas in parallel strata. This has been the main agency in the formation of the present surface, which is in great part a sediment of the seas. As snow it covers and protects the germs in the soil from the too severe action of frost; as ice it aids materially in disintegrating the hardest rocks and preparing them for the colvent action of the summer rains. Its powers in this respect are most fully shown in the records of when a moving wall of ice marched far southward over mountain and plain, grinding the rocks to powder, which it deposited as the present soil

These are some of the more obvious actions of water, but it has many other uses, less appa rent, but equally necessary to the present state of things, since to them all organic and much of inorganic nature owe their existence.

Thus in the act of crystallizing, water is in most instances included in the crystal, and with such radical importance that it can only be extracted by the destruction of the crystalling form. So if we ascend to vegetable life, vater not only useful as a solvent of the food of the plant, but that the elements of decom cosed water, with water in its original condi form the greater part of vegetable tissues. Thus the fibres of wood, sugar, starch, gum, forming the chief vegetable products, are composed of a fixed amount of carbon united with varying pro portions of water, and all these are capable of being changed one into the other by changing their proportion of water. This change is ef-fected from starch to appear. m starch to sugar, in the animal body, to which water is most absolutely essential. The animal frame is fed by a watery fluid containing a small percentage of solid matter, permeating

"Is there any way of getting across this all the tissues, and serving to carry off waste as water except in this boat, Sam 5" was my next well as to deposit new material. The human well as to deposit new material. The human body may be considered as a porous substance through which aqueous streams constantly circulate, depositing and receiving matter, and maintaining a fixed internal temperature by oarrying off the surplus heat which is being con-tinually manufactured.

We might particularize other important offices We might particularize other important under filled by water, and show in even stronger colors the width and grandeur of the mission it performs in the economy of nature, but those few hints may suffice to render manifest its allpervading and all-important agency.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS .- The Chris. mas number of this pictorial is profusely illustrated, and is accompanied by a large colored engraving. For sale by A. Wineb. Price 75

A SKATING GLEE.

Fieet as the shadows glide Over the ice we flo Swift as the swallows ride Under the starry sky Every heart beats high Ecstacy rules the hour; Thousands of forms sweep by, showing their graceful power Curling, whirling, Gliding, sliding, Over the ice they sail.

Binest of skies above, Smoothest of ice below, Bound to the steel we love, Ever and on we go Over the gleaming floor, Over the frozen tide. kimming the peopled shore, Merrily now we glide, Curling, whirling, Gliding, sliding,

Over the ice we sail. Singing our words of glee, Singing our songs of mirth, Happier souls than we On, like a petrel's flight. On, like the swiftest gale, On, like the flying light, Over the ice we sail. Carling, whirling, Gliding, eliding, Over the ice we sail

Gale's Non-Explosive Gunpowder.

During the meeting of the British Association at Nottingham, some very interesting experi-ments were displayed in the Castle Grounds. A brisk coal fire was kindled, and when well burnt, a keg of prepared powder, weighing esveral pounds, was placed on the fire, and watched with great anxiety. When the hoops were burnt through, and the staves began to separate, the company drew back, anticipating an explosion; instead of which, when the cask fell to pieces, the powder appeared to smother and considerably check the fire. Some of the powder was then taken from the fire, and by a very simple and rapid process rendered exploeive. This was then placed in a small cask, a fusee lighted, and a considerable explosion was the result. Mr. Gale then took a cask of powder, about the size of an oyster-barrel, under his arm, and stirred it with a red hot poker without producing any further effect than smoke, and when the poker was withdrawn the fire went out.

India seems to be a doomed country. It is the chief riddle in the problem of civilization. How a nation with such a history for arts and alms, for science and poetry; with its ideas of toleration far in advance of European nations; with its illimitable resources of climate, soil, and productions; with its ancient literature that ven now surprises the scholar, and its cast-iron cology that amazes the European by its assumptione, and paralyzes most attempts to alter or amend it by its subtleties; how a nation of one hundred and fifty millions of people with such stores of accumulated wealth and highwrought refinements of government and social life-with its scholars, statesmen, warriors, and life—with its scholars, statesmen, warriors, and skill in agriculture—should have become the willing subjects of foreign power and see it eat out their life-blood without resistance, except for a religious scruple, is a fact of history that creates a wider and deeper interest as it grows

EAR-RINGS WITHOUT EAR PIRRCING. -- A smart fellow in London has discovered a way to enable ladies to wear ear-rings without hav ing their ears pierced. The fastening is man-aged thus:-The rosette in front of the earring top is the head of a screw, which by being partly withdrawn, allows the wires to separate, and, on being screwed back, when adjusted, presses the wires on the lobe of the ear; the vires are so constructed that they do not uncomfortably press the ear; in fact, the fastening, instead of entering the fleeb, clasps ingenious invention will recommend itself to those who are prejudiced against car-piercing, if they are not fearful that the car-ring will be unsafe, thus worn.

Curious.—Traces of pre-historic civilization have been found in St. Anthony, Minn. A trapdoor, secured by a curiously shaped lock, was discovered in the floor of a cellar, and or ing investigation further, it was opened a spiral staircase, leading down one hundred and twenty-three steps, appeared. It ended in a passage which led into an artificial cave, about which where strewn iron and copper instru-ments, and at one side of which was an elevated platform and rude seats. A stone sarco-phagus was also found in another spartment, which on being opened disclosed a human skeleton.

It is stated that Judge Wayne, of the U.S. Sapreme Court, under the recent decision of that tribunal regarding military commissions, will issue a writ for the removal of Dr. Modd from confinement at the Dry Tortugas, a trial before a civil court. Similar write may fol-

or for the other conepirators.
O'Connell, in addressing a jury, having exhausted every ordinary epithet of abuse, stop-ped for a word, and then added, "this nau-frageous ruffian." When afterwards asked by his friends toe meaning of the word, he confee ed he did not know, but said he "thought sounded well.

South American Civilization.

WRITTER FOR THE SATURDAY SYREING POST. BY COSMO

GRAND LOOK-OUT-SORATO'S STEROUNDINGS-POPULAR ERRORS—A HIGH HOT BED—THE SUMMIT— CRATER—INTERNAL COMMOTION—

I believe the view from the summit of Moun to to be the finest in the world. Of course Sorato to be the finest in the world. Of course there must be many magnificent look-outs from high places—many, of which I know nothing. Some of the celebrated ones, however, I have seen, and seen from, as the Raigi, Cenis, Mount Washington, the Catakilla, Rock of Gibraltar, Mount Mitchell, Park of Teneriffe, the Organ Mountains, Corcovado, and some others. From mountains these these twins is grand from others. some of these the view is grand, from others sublime, some wast, some beautiful; but only from the towering crater-crowned creet of South American Sorato one sees all these blended in one mighty, magnificent whole.

one mighty, magnificent whole.

It had cost us much of climbing, scrambling, shivering, and weary up-hill work to gain the elevated look-out, but the views was worth it all ten times over. On either hand, north and south, more than seventy distinct peaks of the great Andean Chain, shot heavenward their snowy spires, twelve of them hollow conce, filled with subterranean fire, volcances—some slumbering, while others roaring and flashing, sent up huge wreathes of vapor and yellowish black sulphurous sancke; their snow-olad sides, in sulphurous sincke; their snow-olad sides, in many instances changed into icy glaciers, glanc-ing and flashing in the sunlight, as if Old Andes had set her hundred coronets with diamonds, sapphires and emeralds. Lower, the brilliancy faded gradually into fertile fields, and softened into lovely landscapes, all darkening into ob-scurity far down in the deep valleys dividing the

lofty peaks. Southward, twenty leagues distant, towered the "Heart of the Andes"—brave, beautiful, and oddly unique Old Illimani—north-west, etretched far away the most elevated America plateau, and on its extreme north-eastern bor o distant that our powerful glasses prewith blurred edges, lay the famous city of the ancient Incas—Cuzco, still sacred in Peruvian tradition. Westward, and seeming almost under foot, lay like a silver sheet, the eccentric, enig matical lake of Titticaco, its placid bosom thickly gemmed with emerald isles; and beyond gemmed with emerate uses, and serpen down over fantastic sierras and serpen down over fantas and tine valleys, all subsiding gracefully into the great undulating western slope, over which the eye wanders in unwearled admiration until in the farther distance it falls upon the pale face of the mighty Pacific that bounds the western view, where it blends with the hazy atmosphere int an uncertain borizon.

North-eastward, a fair, lovely plain kisees the very foot of the mountain monarch, and picturesque in its broad, rolling savannabs, belts of dark forests, and thousands of threads of liquid silver, all tributary to other tributaries of the immense Amazon, one of the larger, the beauti-ful Beni skirting along at the very feet of Sorato ful Beni skirting along at the very feet of Sorato and Illimani, has its source near La Paz, a hundred and fifty miles to the southward.

East, and south-eastward, beginning at the ery base of the range, lies unrolled an Eden, broader than telescopic range of vision, and more variedly beautiful than language has words to portray—green, and gold, and fretted with liquid silver lace work in the foreground, growing gradually into neutral tints, and finally fading out in a soft purple horizon. The great Bolivian plain, east of the Andes, has no rival landscape in South America, if it has in the world, for brilliant and blended beauties. Such a look-out as Sorato offers, Church or Berstadt ought to avail themselves of and reproduce it on canvas for the benefit of millions of admirers of the majestic and beautiful

It was chilly, cold, and disagreeable enough climbing the steep a cent, and there were toes half frozen, numb fingers, blue noses, and much rubbing of ears—more growling and whimpering, with an occasional curse from the more l'cense d-and if my memory is not at fault, the license was general-and so we fretted and flapped our arms, and stamped, and cut queer antics until we had climbed above the snow line, when the mercury began to rise rapidly and our temper to subside in the same ratio. Not that there was a mite of merit in the weather itself for growing moderate so fast. Given its own way, it would have sent the mer-Given ite own way, it would have sent the mer-cury down lower and lower as we went bigher until it would at length have frozen it solid in the bulbs. But there was an over-ruling power always counteracting this elevated Arctic As we went higher the mural walls of the great volcanic oven grew thinner, so that being thoroughly warmed through, the surface was not only comfortably warm, but so much calorie was thrown out that the atmospheric temperature had nothing in it of the biting keen ness it contained down at the snow-line.

Geographers have told us that the snow-line an altitude above which a peak or untain is clad in eternal frost and snow. If they had said that altitude at which continual frost begins, the statement would have been cor Where a peak or mountain is not volca nic, perpetual winter begins at an altitude from e to sixteen thousand feet above the sea level according to latitudinal position, the cold becoming more intense until the summit i In volcanic mountains the tempera ture of the higher altitudes depends very greatly upon the internal structure. Some volcani contains have for a crater a simple central shaft of small diameter, straight, perpendicular and walled a hundred feet it may be in thick ness, with solid, vitrified material, through which no culoric can penetrate; and in these cases of course the outer temperature is in nowise effect although volcanic, may be perpetually snow olad to the very summit. Others are literally honey-combed within, having many floes, stand-ing wid-ly separated at the base, converging, and finally uniting in a common vent. These have bare heads and a temperate climate above the winter belt as Gugus Purina, Pera, Coto paxi, in Equador, Gualatiera, Erebus in Victoria Land, Sorato, and several other volcanic South American mountains. We found on Sorato, after aving left beneath us the belt of snow, green herbage and deciduous shrubs and several va rieties of plants, all in foliage and many in bloom, bearing fruits and seeds—not quite normally I think, but rather as exotice, pushed normally I think, but rather as exotics, pushed forward in a hot-house. It was early observed by our Ewedish botanist, and soon apparent anough to the most uneducated among us, that all

the planta, shrubs, and flowers found growing in this upper region, by artificial heat, were strangers—unlike anything in the books, or that we had ever seen elsewhere. Herr Adolph was in costasies, and in his botanic enthusiasm would have overloaded us all with botanic specimens before we were according to elimbing only our before we were nearly done climbing, only our positive protests put him cff until we should begin our descent.

Geographers tell us also—some of them as

east, that an altitude of about sixteen thousand feet above the level of the sea is the highest point reached by man. Perhaps they had for-gotten, or had never learned, that four at least of South American mountains earry up their temperate climate to from two to four hundred feet above that altitude. And then several of the Andean peaks have heads warmer than their feet. South is one of this clear though their feet. Sorato is one of this class, though not at the present time an active volcano, i.e., it is not in a state of eruption.

Now, as in these instances the winter line is considerably above 16,000 feet, what is to prevent men, and women too, provided they are good climbers, from going up as far, and two or three thousand feet higher—all the way to the summit, if accessible, and the weather rates as one goes up, as it certainly does about the head of Mount Sorato?

In the Sierra del Potosi, the great basin of Titticaca, and on the plateau of Cuzco there are cities and towns—people live, corn and potatoe grow, vegetables are produced, flowers bloom birds sing and insects chirrup, at an elevation of more than thirteen thousand feet above the sea level. It is certain that men and women can reach a point several thousand feet above the geographers' arbitrary altitude, as the majority of our Bohemian party still living and several within call can attest. Besides, we en-countered preity near the summit of Sorato other travellers as high-minded as ourselves two men and a fair, young and very lovely girl. But that is an episode that we will defer until

our next meeting.

Of the summit of Sorato there is little that would be particularly interesting to be written beyond that it affords, as I have already ob-served, perhaps the finest lookout in the world. There is an uneven, rugged, undulating surface dished into an oblong basin, half a mile in width and about a mile and a quarter long, the surface thickly covered with ragged masses of reddish brown lava, vitrified rocks, and laid hal knee deep with volcanic ashes, bitter, pungent, a trifle or so uncomfortably warm, and the sur-face coated with a yellow sulphur cover. Near the northeastern end of the oval basin

is the crater. We did not venture near enough to get its exact dimensions by actual measurement, though left unrestrained, I think Edith, O'Harra and two or three more of our heedless headlongs would have gone on until they tum bled in, as they had done into the subterranean shaft in the silver mine at Potosi.

By our best guessing the dimensions of the crater, instead of being a circular orifice, conformed in shape to that of the basin, its longest diameter from northeast to southwest being about four hundred and fifty yards, and its greatest breadth not far from three hundred About one-third of the opening was taken up with a central core, shaped like the crater itself, and as well as we could make out, about equi distant from the circumference on all sides rising in a dark greenish, glistening cone, ten yards above the level of the outer walls of the

There was no flame or fire visible, but cor tinual volumes of dense vaporous smoke, some-times light as that from pure burning sulphur, then almost black; sometimes again a bluish red, and then white, blue, black, red and a dozen different shades all mingling together; the volume never rolling out quite steadily, but one while coming up in a mass, as if it would really choke up the vent; then decreasing ra-pidly in volume and density till in the next minute pidly in volume and density till in the next minute there would be only a thin transparent vapor curling and wreathing slowly up from the open-ing. Then suddenly the great black throat would belch out heavy masses in jets and fantastic convolutions, twisting, turning and twining

like many phantom serpents.

There was a vast subterranean fire down un derneath there and actively at work, the author of all these vaporous fertasies. There was no doubt of that. Indeed we had continually au ricular evidence of a constant flery turmoil going on beneath our feet in the throes, quivering and convuleive shuddering of the surface, and the subdued subterranean moans, mutterings, and at unequal intervals a series of hollow, spasmodic bellowings, changing into short, snap-pish growls, and then dying away into dismal groans as if a legion of Titians were doing purgatorial penance within the fiery bowels of

They have their uses, no doubt, in the world's economy, these snowy peaks and towering vol-canic spires, otherwise they would not have been created. But what that utility consists in as yet lies a hidden myetery in the bosom of Almighty Wisdom. We had no idea, unless it mighty Wisdom. We had no idea, unless it was to afford such as were willing to take the trouble to climb up there such a superb plat-form from which to look out over half the world. Bare, rugged, forbidding, sterile, producing no-thing, they seem a total waste of a vast amount of the world's surface; though perhaps useless and unproductive as the material is, like our stone walls around fields and stone heaps in them, it is better economy to have them piled up thus than scattered promiseuously all over the surface of the whole domain.

Cator, whose ideas were generally just a triffe Utopian, declared that if the entire Andean Range, with all its high heads, peaks, spurs and countless sierras, were only rolled down flat into a respectable champagne country, like the east-ern shore of Maryland, South America would shut up the South Atlantic, extending from the coas, of Africa to the Sandwich Islands. coast of Africa to the Sandwich Isla

The following is a verbatim report of eneech delivered at a religious meeting out West by a good, pious deacon. It is a queer combination of terms, certainly: "My female orethren, it is of the most in-fi-night-est im portance that we should all be clothed in white empante!"

The Richmond Dispatch says that the owner of the farm known as Dutch G.p, finding that the island made by the cutting of Butler's canal could not be conveniently put to use with out some means of communication with the sain land, is filling up one end of the canal, in order to create a causeway, and the canal soon be among the things that were.

TAN BARK —Spent tan bark, when stored

How a Statue is Made.

The subject is first conceived or thought of, like that of a heantiful poem or sonnet, a complete unit, unless it be a statue of a statesman or hero. When the subject has been fully considered by the sculptor, he makes a sketch in chalk or charcoal, on paper. Before he begins the final model, a sketch or study in clay is made, from one foot to two feet in height, to get the pone and balance of the figure. A good practice in all that pertains to busts statustes. practice in all that pertains to busts, statu statues, or figures of colossal proportions coloreal proportions; that

Then begins the work in earnest. A plat-form is prepared of strength in proportion to the weight of the clay model it has to bear, and the platform is so made to either revolve on its own centre, or supported by strong castors, to move in any direction or light required. Then the skeleton is constructed to suit the proportions of the projected statue, of iron and wo with joints to meet all demands of movement arms and limbs, in any direction desired.

Sometimes a strong upright of iron, well braced at the base, from which projects an arm on which to suspend the skeleton midway be-tween the shoulders at the back, a mode that gives the sculptor a perfect control of his work, and very practical in modelling statuettes and small equestrian statues. If the statue is a sit-ting figure, or recumbent, most of the body and accessories can be made of wood and covered bones of the arms and legs are made of strong lead pipe, of an inch or more in diameter, and bent to suit any action of the limbs required. Lead pipe is readily perforated, in which to inof wood to support the clay that may

be applied to the arms or legs.

When the skeleton is completed to the throat, a ball and socket joint is requisite for the case and graceful action of the head, which can be and gractic action of the head, which can be moved at any time by having a stop screw at the back of the neek, between the shoulders. Coloseal statues, of ten or twelve feet in height, require lead pipe, two inches and a half to three inches in diameter, for the benes of the arms inches in diameter, for the benes of the arms and legs. After the skeleton is finished, the clay is packed firmly and closely as possible en the skeleton, somewhat larger than life, or the intended statue, let it be great or small. Then begins the work of modelling, at first from good studies in plaster, and finishing from life models. After the model is completed in the nude state, with all of the desired proportions, it is draped to suit the character or person for whom it is intended. The sculptor then reviews the whole work from head to foot, for by that time he has decided what kind of an expression he

he has decided what kind of an expression he intends to give the face and puts the finishing stroke to it. The soul of sculpture is in pro-ducing the model. It takes a man of genius to make a statue in clay, while a man of talent can

We would like to pass over the subject of expression, were it not inseparable from a com-plete bust or statue. Twenty five years ago a "grand repose" was all the rage, from the sto-lidity of a mule to the imperturbable gravity of a mud-turile. Our people are progressive, and have learned to love and admire works that have life and animation in them. Some people, like their characters, have no expression at all. For instance, the sporting man soon learns to suppress all the mobility of his face, while others never had any to " wipe out."

others never had any to "wipe out."
Others again, whose faces have no more rapression than peeled turnips or stone walls, that look tranquilly, and whose eyes remind one of pewter buttons set in lard. Such faces would do for the "grand repose" so much admired by connoisseurs and antiquarians. There are three expressions reculiar to men to say. are three expressions peculiar to men, to say nothing of ten thousand gradations that inter-

First. There is the emotional face, such as a man wears while talking to children, or convers ing with a charming woman. A bust of a man so treated would be recognized by ladies and children, but never by his male friends.

Second. The animated, or intellectual face, such as we see in the pulpit and forum, all the muscles of the face rigidly alive, such as a statesman would have while chastising an erring brother for getting astride of the political

Third. The last, highest and most difficult to face, lighted up with the memory of a glorious deed, or beautiful thoughts. The last two ex pressions are appropriated for busts and statues; but the first never-which would only become the simpering sycophant and bypocrite, such as we see in the portraits of Sterns and others. But how are those desirable expressions produced? That is one of the mysteries of the studio. This much is certain. It requires a flowers, and its little pale cheeks often painted in imitation of life. the simpering sycophant and hypocrit man of brains to give the impress of mind to matter—that is to the canvas and marble. No man with monkey characteristics can ever go beyond producing the outline, or material form. Such a man is a stranger to the pure expression of soul and beautiful thoughts vine. All great works are, more or less, the reproduction of the artist's or poet's second

Our statue is finished; the last impress of the sculptor, the last affectionate touch has been given; it is like the parting of the poet with his The statue must be cast. manuscript s the prompt inquiry. To prevent it from con tracting, or losing any of its fine proportions A mould is made with plaster of Paris, in sec tions, over the model. When completed the ould is removed and the clay model destroyed The mould is carefully cleaned and prepared to receive the plaster, which takes the place of the

clay.

When all of the sections made in plaster from the clay model are neatly joined together, so as to look like a complete whole, the planter mode then is ready to be transferred to the foundry to be cast in bronze, or taken from the studio into the carver's shop, where it is copied into stone

or marble, by absolute measurements.

Such has been the custom among sculpture for hundreds of years. We regret to say, how for hundreds of years. ever, there are several popular failacies affoat such as Michael Angelo's grappling with the marble at once, without the aid of models.

Did he not make snow statues in the Duke's garden to amuse his guests? nodels, made by Michael Angelo, at the present time preserved in the city of Florence. race of American sculptors in Europe have their nodels copied into marble by Italian sculptors OF CAPVERS.

The Mobile Times says the cold weather given an impetus to the eksters North, and the contrary effect on the "skreters" South. A freedman in Petersburg wanted a box ng three hundred pounds, sent to Rich-

Curious Experiment.

Just at the close of the cholera epidemic in Paris an interesting experiment was tried by Dr. Lorain, one of the physicians of the Hospital St. Antolne, in the Faubourg St. Antolne. As is antoine, in the Fausson St. Antoine. As is well-known to the profession, the blood in cholers becomes thick; or, to speak more correctly, loses its watery particles, and does not circulate in the capillary system. Under this state of things the patient grows blue and cold and falls rapidly into collapse. Dr. Lorain thought that when a patient was found in this fatal condition it would be a good thing to in-ject water into his veins so as to thin the blood again and enable it to circulate to all parts of the body. He first tried the experiment on animals and found it did not kill them. He then took the first collapsed case which cam then took the first collapsed case which came into the hospital, which happened to be a young man with no other bodily ailment than the disease in question. When he was cold, insensible and cadaveric—in a word within an hour or two of his death—Dr. Lorain called his hospital colleagues together, told them what he wanted to do, and asked them their opinion as to the posoo, and asked them their opinion as to the pos-sibility of curing the man by other remedies. With one accord they declared the patient be-yond hope of relief, and that the doctor's con-science might be at ease in the trial of the ex-periment which he proposed. He then, with the usual caution against the intromission of air, injected into the veins at the fold of the arm about twelve converse of water at a temperature about twelve onness of water at a temperature of 104 deg. Fahrenheit. The man soon grew warmer, his pulse became perceptible, he showed unmistakable signs of returning life, and, in fact sixteen hours after the operation, in the morning, he sat up in bed and asked for a drink. He went on improving, passed through the phases of an ordinary convalescence from cholers, and

CHRISTMAS - By the Romans this anniversal was celebrated under the title of Saturnalia, or the feetival of Saturn, and was marked by the prevalence of universal license and merry-making. The slaves were permitted to enjoy for a time a thorough freedom and behavior, for a time a thorough freedom and behavior, and it is even said that their masters waited on them as servants. Every one feasted and rejoiced, work and business were entirely suppended. Presents were made by parents and friends, and all sorts of games and amusements were indulged in by the citisens. In the bleak North the same rejoicings had place, but in a ruder and more barbarous form. The name given by the ancient Goths and Saxons to the feetival was Yul or Yule, the latter term formfeetival was Yul or Yule, the latter term forming to the present day the designation in the Scottish dialect of Christmas, and preserved also in the phrase of the Yule-log.

THE Cincinnati Gazette tells this story about the young prince of Venango, Pa., oil region His aunt, owner of the rich oil farm which bear her name, died in 1864, leaving her nephew, then twenty years old, \$100,000 in greenbacks, \$50,000 in gold, and the farm, which yielded an average daily income of \$2,000. The young fellow, who had been hitherto well-behaved, was ruined by his fortune, and plunged into all corts of vice. He became a ready prey to gamblers osing \$100,000 in two nights. He equandered thousands on wine and women; bought jewelr; and carriages only to give them away, and ha ving spent all, is now only door-keeper to a com-pany of minetrels.

Business by Wholesalk.—The Common Council of New York has made a single job this season of its annual New Year's presents of extra pay to subordinate clerks and attaches. Its donating resolution directs the Comptroller to draw his warrant in favor of the clerks and attaches of the Boards of Aldermen and Council men for two hundred and fifty dollars each, for extra services rendered to the Committees du ring the year 1866." It need to be the custon ring the year 1800. It need to be the custom to specify by name the individuals to whom extra pay was awarded; but that formality has now been dispensed with, and the Comptroller may pay anybody he considers an attache.

A MEXICAN CUSTON.-In Mexico and other Spanish American countries, as also in some parts of Europe, the funerals of children are celebrated with music and the firing of rockets, and with signs of rejoicing rather than of sor row. The procession is often proceeded by man playing a lively air on a violin. For it is believed, liverally, as said by Christ of little children, "Oranch is the kingdom of Heaven,"

VERY peculiar artist has arrived in Brus sels, M. Zoni by name, who imitates with his th a whole orchestra of instruments, no only separately, but two or three at a time, all out any other assistance than the elacticity of his larynx. Specially excellent in his imits tion of the musical snuff-box. Zoni is not only a ventriloquist but a musician, who has arranged divers numbers and overtures for his speciality His performances attract much attention in Bel

A SORRY SPECTACLE - We vesterday saw or the street a small cart containing a few blankets, a few old clothes, and a haby, that has been drawn all the way from Georgia by two bors, whose mother has done the cooking on the The buby is decidedly the happiest of the The woman and the boys aded by their arduous march, and were receiving, when we saw them, denations from charitable gentlemen, who were glad to assist them on their and, nore journey - Louisville

FLOGGING IN THE ROSTON SCHOOLS -- Dr. J. I Ordway, one of the Boston School Co stated that during the past hine months 13 744 cases of corporal punishment have been re-ported by the teachers of Boston. This would make the number for the year about 18 000. The "moral reformers" of Boston should turn a little of their attention to home-ffairs, which seem to be suffering from their too great at-

TYPE MADE PROM INDIA RUBBER - It is state that a manufactory for making printers' type of vulcan z d India subber has been established at Dalaton, England. This new species of type, it te said, is made very quickly, and at one-third the cost of ordinary metallic type, whilst it is claimed that the India rubber type are as durable and of as good quality as those now in

NEW YEAR'S BVE.

Rattle the window, winds, Rain, drip on the panes? There are tears and sighs in our hearts and eyes, And a weary weight on our brains

The gray sea heaves and heaves, On the dreary flats of sand; And the blasted limb of the church-yard It shakes like a ghostly hand !

The dead are enguiphed beneath it, Sunk in the grassy waves!

But we have more dead in our hearts to-day

Than the earth in all her graves!

The Rat Nulsance.

Catching rats is often difficult, as old rats are proverbially cunning. Laying around poison is dangerous not alone, but also objectionable, for the reason that rats may die in inaccessible spots and contaminate the atmosphere with the well-known detectable odor. A better plan has been adopted by one of our correspondents, by which he takes advantage of the cunning habits of the rats. He covers the floor part he rats. which he takes advantage of the cunning habits of the rats. He covers the floor near the rat-hole with a thin layer of moist caustic potash; when the rats walk on this it makes their feet sore; these they lick with their tongues, it makes their mouths sore, and the result is that they shun this locality not alone, but appear to tell all the neighboring rats about it, and event-ually the house is entirely abandoned by them, notwithstanding the neighborhood may be teem-ing with rats.

FRATHERS.—A Paris journal, speaking of ladies' dresses, has the annexed: "Another fashion, of an eccentric character, is appearing. It consists of trimmings made of feathers. Forit consists of triminings made of feathers. For-merly a plume or marabout was worn in the bonnet; now the whole person is acvered with them, just like the savages of the New World. Sportsmen cannot supply them in sufficient quantity. Feathers of the peacock, partridges, pintado, pheasant, jay, blackbirds, and pigeons are all seized on with eagerness, and even the ducks of poultry-wards are plucked to eatify ducks of poultry-yards are plucked to satisfy the caprice of our fashionable ladies."

There is a 1,300 acre cranberry farm in

A Washington correspondent tells this characteristic story concerning the Gount Gurowski:—The count was once in a heated argument with Judge I.——, when he suddenly said, "Judge I.——, I admire you!" "Why," returned the Judge, "I cannot see how you can admire me after calling me such hard names!" "Indeed," roared the count, "I admire seems to be a such a admire everysing sat is perfeck, and you are one perfeck sooundrel!"

In the Senate there are no two members

of the same name. In the House there are two Arbiers, two Clarkes, two Hardings, two Hoo pers, four Hubbards, two Hubbeils, two Lawpers, four Industria, two Rices, two Taylors, three Thomases, two Van Horns, two Wards, three Washburns, two Wilsons, and—mirabile

lictu-one Smith !

The Imperial Court of Riom, France, has decided that the epithet "female" applied woman constituted an insult.

Recently the Duke of Hamilton was announced to be present at the Shrewsbury Thea-tre, and the audience was on tip-toe of expectatre, and the accience was on tip-toe or expecta-tion at having an opportunity of meeing a "real live duke." His grace, however, did not come, and it occurred to a racing "eport" that the public ought not to be disappointed. He, there-fore, laid a wager that he would in personate the duke, and forthwith proceeded to the seat re-served for that nobleman in the centre box. served for that hobieman in the centre box.

This was the signal for a general cheer, led by
the confederates of the soidisant duke. His
lordship deigned a bow to each part of the
house, then sat down, and enjoyed the opera to

his own and the general satisfaction.

The Philadelphia Press gives a summary
of the last report on the Girard estate. The estimated gross revenues for 1867-'68 are \$330 000. an increase from last year of over fifty per cent. The value of the real estate is constantly increasing, and as it cannot be sold, or leased for a longer period than five years, it must always furnish a large and steady revenue. The trust owns nearly two hundred properties in Phila-delphia, consisting of stores, dwellings, wharfs, lots and farms, besides valuable coal and timber Two kinds of fish are plentiful in our

now, skates and soles Every man who is not a monster, a mathematician, or a mad philosopher is the slave of

The Houston (Texas) Telegraph says, an old negro man, who stands very high in the sick, and believing that he had the cholera, he immediately commenced praying to the Lord to spare him until he could repent of his evil deeds, adding "that he wasn't half as good as se pretended to be."

WIER AND COOPER.-In old English names the dipthong "ow" used general y to be pronounced "oo." Thus the late Archbishop of Canterbury's name Howley was pronounced Hooley. Earl Cowper's name is pronounced "Cooper," as was the name of the post William Cowper. C. T. W. In Lowland Scotch, which is, in fact, old

[In Lowland Scotch, which is, in fact, old English, a cow is invariably called a con] The Mr. Mediff, of the Chicago Tribune, charges that the leading members of the New York Associated Press colluded with the domestic manufacturers to prevent the repeal of the duty on foreign paper, the object being, of course, to crush out weaker rivals and prevent the establishment of new ones. The Express the establishment of new ones. The Express gives the accusation a quasi denial, which exonerates its proprietors. Can the Hersld, Tribune and Times do as much?—New York Atlas.

27 A Washington elergyman, in addressing

prayer on behalf of Universal Suffrage, with a prayer on behalf of Universal Suffrege, withour regard to race, color, age, or sex, said;—
' Paradoxical as this may seem to thee, obLord! it is nevertheless true."

237 Bso and Boann—A Loredale man

publishes the following advertisement in the Wormsocket Patriot: "The young boy that costed his wife Mary, in the last triot, for leaving his 'bed and board,' brought his wife to my house, five or six weeks sgr, sick with the typhoid fever, and sgreed to pay ber a he failed to do. I nereby fo fools posting their wives on my bed and board,

PROSPECTUS FOR 1867.

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who had prepared with much labor and ours in the appropriate discourse for the recent Thanks | ac giving correct at his church, was greatly at-noyed to find only about thirty heavers, and a majority of those not of his own flock. The foliowing Sondar, being unusually pleasant, a very arge congregation assembled at his church, bu times sent for at his residence, he lett his to

to in lab. a man residing not many miles from here was aroused by the grand display, and made a little nervous thereby, but consoled his family by remarking, "I'll go out and see if the morning star has gone; if their gone, it's all

A . regyman u' Western Massachusetta! [Drematic criticism was unsettled in old times, as at present. Not ithefanding Garrick's acknowledged excellence in Hamlet, Dr. Johnson once made the following reply to Boswell's question, "Would not you, er, ther' as Mr. Gar-rick does, if you saw a ghost?" "I hope not," replied the severty four, "If I did I should

> ruars and March, August and September; the first two for throst and long difficulties, and the latter two for stomach and bowel complaints. May and June are the healthlest months in the

When a woman makes you a pair of lippers take care you do not put your foot in it.

A NEW EXCELSIOR.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound, flut we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies And we mount to the summit round by round

That a noble deed is a step towards God, Lifting the soul from the common sod To a nurer air and a broader view

We rise by things that are under feet, By what we have mastered of good and gain, By the pride deposed, and the passion slain, And the vanquished ills we hourly meet.

We hope, we aspire, we resolve, we trust-When the mors log calls us to life and light; But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night Our lines are trailing the sordid dust.

And we think that we mount the air on wings, Beyond the recall of sensual things, While our feet still cling to the heavy clay.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men, We may hope and aspire and resolve and

pray, But our feet must rise, or we fall again.

Galy in dreams is a ladder thrown From the weary earth to the sapphire walls But the dreams depart, and the vision falls, And the sleeper awakes on his pillow of stone

Hat we build the ladder by which we rise From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies, And we mount to the summit round by round.

MY SCHOOLFELLOWS.

BY ISA BLAGDEN

PART II.

A fortnight of three weeks passed away, and with this heavy anxiety at my heart I do not think my studies were very successful, but I was getting almost too old for the ordinary routine of school avecations, so that it was of less con-

One morning, as I sat listlessly turning over the leaves of my French history, a note was brought to me. My heart gave a leap. I tore it open. I recognized Lina's hand. It ran

"My dearest Susan,—Come to me. I have sent Summers for you. Ask Madame to let you come for two or three days. Yours affectionately,

That was all, and yet the characters danced before my eyes, and a choking fear was at my heart. Those three words, "Come to me," seemed fraught with a piercing entreaty. Li-na's words were at all times so few that the simplest appeal from her bore a significance which was irresistible. I jumped up and ran to Madame's room, and handed her the note.

"Certainly. Summers is gone to fetch a cab; you need not return till Monday next for your

Did Madame guess how passionately I was

her hand and put back her veil. The poor woman's eyes were swollen with crying.

"No, no, Miss Susan, I can't—do not ask me, I cannot speak about it. My poor child!" for so the faithful woman always designated her

Like all young people, I jumped to conclu sions more rapidly than reasonably, and had taken it for granted that Lina was at home again. I did not hear the address given to the cabman, and my surprise was therefore great when the drive extended itself long past any known parts of the town to a suburb at the all north of London.

Summers got out at a small house in a very She

modest looking crescent, paid the cabman, and holding my parcel in her nand, took a latch-key out of her pocket and let herseif in.
"Will you wait a moment, miss?" she said,

ment at the drawing room door.

"Yes," I whispered. All this preparation had frightened me, and I trembled from head to foot. After a few minutes, which seemed ages, Summers beckoned me in.

I passed through a small drawing room into a smaller bed-room beyond. On the bed, look ing as white as death, drooping as a broken lily was Lina. She put up her arms as I approached and, impelled by what feeling I know not, I fell on my knees beside the bed. A sense of reve-

rence, such as is inspired by some great be reavement or terrible calamity overnowered me me about mamma, I have not not seen her for

I told her what I knew, and the tears dropned clowly down Lina's check.

"I wrote to mamma in case I died; there the letter, will you read it? And then do not speak about it, it is best not."

"l'esse, ma'am," said Summers, " you must be quiet now; I will give Miss Susan something to eat while you rest."

Lina bent down her dear little face and kiseed me. I left her with the fetter in my hand After the lapse of so many years my eyes fill when I remember the few simple words in which

oor Lina told her story.

As concisely as the events could well be narrated, I read how she had met at Oakthorpe a certain Mr. Melville, a half-brother of Mrs. Bal four's; Mrs. Balfour was Lina's relative, and the mistress of Oakthorpe. Mr. Melville was in bad health; he had been obliged to give up his pr fession, the navy, in consequence. The contrast between the bold adventurous life he had for dition.) and this forced retirement from active life, was a most painful trial to him, and he suf L na became interested in him ; he fell in love with her; he was averse, how seat for by her mother, he betrayed himself in ils surprise and regret at the sudden parting He told her at once that he knew it was hope less, that no parents in their senses would per

mit their daughter to marry a man without health and wisbout a profession. Lina thought health and wisbout a profession. Lina thought her mother, at least, would not discourage him, but he extreated her not to confide in any one for the present. "There might be a possibility." he raid, "in the future, in the event of his health being better, and he would not throw way the chance, meanwhile he held here free health being better, and he would not throw away the chance; meanwhile, he held her free. As she was not engaged to him, it was unngoes-eary to speak of him." Lina was always re-served, and as she had nothing to tell but that there was a person who loved her hopelessly and ardently, but to whom she had not even affianced herself, the silence he had enjoined fell in with her own shyness on such subjects. Resides this, she felt, without knowing who. Besides this, she felt, without knowing why, there was a great change in her bome. She had a presentiment of coming evil, and a conviction of present danger. Her sensitive mouse-like na-ture took the alarm, and she kept his secret. She returned to finish her visit at Oakthorpe, and found Mr. Melville much worse, and clinging to her and to her presence with intense though despairing love. As a last hope, though a for-lorn one, his medical men ordered him to leave England for Madeira. He refused to leave Eng land; he wished to die, he declared, at Oak-thorpe, during Lina's visit. He said he could not part from her and knew that before he reached Madeira she would be married to some reached Madeira she would be married to some happier man. At last, after his sister and Lina had exhausted every entreaty, he consented to go, but on one condition, Lina must marry him. The marriage might be a secret one: he would part from her at the altar's foot if she pleased, but he should secure her; and if he survived to return, his beloved would await him, his own faithful bride. Mrs. Balfour was romantic, and faithful bride. Mire. Balfour was romantic, and young, and devotedly attached to her brother consent. Mrs. Balfour arranged everything, and she and Summers witnessed the marriage (Summers, who had been suspicious of Mr. Nor brecht, was, I believe, delighted to snatch his prey from him) After ten days the young couple separated, Lina went back to London with Summers, and Mr. Melville sailed. They were to correspond through Mrs. Balfour. Lina repented of her share in this imprudence as soon as she met her mother's loving careworn eyes; but it was too late, her regrets and her anxieties were the cause of her illness. She en-treated Mrs. Balfour to release her from her promise of secrecy, but Mrs. Balfour was reso lute in not doing so. The accounts from Mr. Melville were encouraging, and in fluctuations of hope and fear Lina passed the time from June till November. She avoided me, for she felt that my keen girlish eyes would have read a secret in her face. Her mother's were so dim-med by incessant tears, shed over her husband's impending ruin, that she only felt that Lina was changed, without the remotest guess at the cause.

Line returned to London early in November. In a newspaper she had taken up one morning she read among the deaths, Mr. Melville's. Mrs. Balfour was absent from Oakthorpe at the time, and had not been able to write to prepare her for the shock. This was the explanation of her extraordinary grief. Then followed Mr. Nor. brecht's proposal: the time was certainly an ill-chosen one, Lina's heart was well-nigh broken. She felt she must fly, "anywhere, anywhere out of the world," where this fatal talk of bridals and bridegrooms would not mack her sorrow for her lost love. To be placed by her father and mother, in what seemed a crisis of their fate, in I ran up to dress and put together a recolor of hersen, and the clothes, but I made such haste that I was quite fready by the time the cab arrived. I jumped in before Summers had time to get out, and we before Summers had time to get out, and we had been summers, who alone knew what had happened as that absence was necessary, if her pened, saw that absence was necessary, if her young mistress's life and reason were to be spared. She must have a respite; she must weep her first widowed tears alone, before she could, poor child, even listen to what her pa-rents required of her. Summers had a sister the lived at Islington who could receive them, and she and Lina took refuge there. The agita-tion brought on a brain-fever, and for two or three weeks Lina lay between life and death. She was now recovered, as if from a grave. She wished to return home, but she had not courage to do so till I had seen her mother and told her

She had now rested, and I went back to her.

She received me with a faint wintry smile.

"You know all now, dear Susan. Will you

"Yes, dear."
"Tell her all, but ask her not to speak to me
"Tell her all, but ask her not to speak to me
"Tell her all, but ask her not to speak to me
"I need not say how often and how not bear to talk even to her about it vat. shall get over it in time, and then—and then I will do what she wishes." I saw the drops of perspiration rise to her brow as she spoke. ill atone to her for all the anxiety I have given

her and papa too. Must Mr. Rosas know ?"

"If mamma thinks it right he should. I feel I deserve all their reproaches and all their

blame, but I have suffered, indeed I have."
I stayed with her all that day. She was jus as simple and reserved as ever. Never was heroine of a tragic episode less "sensational," if I may so call it, in her manner; and it was this absence of all even unconscious tendency There was so much more depth than appeared externally in all she said or did. It required the gentlest, delicatest touch to draw forth the emotions of that heart, and therefore is was little known or even suspected that few men had deeper or more passionate feelings than Lina.

told her all. Her ecstasy of gratitude that Lina was found—that the was comparatively safe— was indescribable. She seemed, in truth, to have been called "out of the depths" to life

"Only let her return-my poor Lina!"

She paused, and her face changed.

"Yes, I will tell him," she said, after an ef-ert. "He may bear it better now, for Mr. orbrecht has left England, and a sudden change in the money market has enabled Mr Rosas to pay him part of our debt. I will tell him," she said. "I will go at once, and we will both go to Lina, and fetch her home. If all is right, I will wave my handkerchief out of She went. What arguments or what precise

explanations she made use of I knew not at the ime, but they must have been cogent, and of understood by her husband, for she conquered him. At first his rage was ter-rible, and he would have cursed Lina, but she But, during the settlement of these debts, which

pany her, and, what was more, she succeeded in making him swear that not a word should be uttered to her of reproach or blame. Within the last twelve months Mrs. Rosas had learned the imits of her bushand's parental love, and knew how to manage him. I may as well mention here what I only learned afterwards. The mother's diamonds and downy had purchased the daughter's pardon, as some other valuable jewels—her pearls—had bought the fatal per-mission to go to Oakthorpe, which had been the indirect cause of all this grief.

[January 12, 1867.

Indirect cause of all this grief.

I watched them from the dining-room. I saw a cab drive up; a handker-hief fluttered at the window for a moment. When they came in, Mr. Rosas seemed to think it necessary to feign entire ignorance of what had happened.

"Is dinner ready?" he asked, as he came in.

"Sir! it is only five o'clock," answered the asked in a surveyed and agravated to the second.

servant, in a surprised and aggravated tone.

"Ah! Well, I shall go out for a walk till six. Lina, you had better have some tea. You have had a long journey. How do you do, Susan? What a stranger you have been lately. Well, I'm off. By, by;" and thinking he had effectually stopped all conjectures on the part of the servants he went out.

of the servants, he went out.

As soon as the door closed on him, mother and daughter fell into each other's arms. could not imitate him, or comply with his love for hollow falsehoods for the sake of keeping up appearances. What mattered aught else? They were together again, after what might have been an eternal parting. Lina sunk through her mother's arms, lower and lower, till she was on her knees.

"Forgive me, dear. I must have been mad to leave you. But it was all so dreadful, and I think from the moment that I read in that pa-per that my husband was dead, I was not right in my mind."

There was something very touching in the way Line pronounced the word husband. was not in mourning. She looked as glilish as ever; but one could see what a terrible blow she had received. Mrs. Rosas looked transfigured. She was always more demonstrative in her feelings than Lina, and she kissed her and cried over her, and cried over her and kissed

er, till she was exhausted.

When dinner came, Mr. Rosse appeared. He and a kind of all's-well-that-ends-well expression in his countenance which provoked me, but we all humared him, and talked of trivial every-day matters; but there was a look about his wife's and daughter's face which was in direct contradiction with the false smoothness of his. They looked as those saved from ship wreck look during the first hour of gratitude and of terror Everything afterwards seemed to go on as before the first visit to Oakthorpe.

Lina was devoted to her mother, and gently submissive to her father. But she seemed to have lived her life, and to be now in a mere death-in-life state. Her own individuality was merged in that of her parents. There was another eignificant change. She sang no more.

Her voice was gone! I passed Christmas with them. It was the first and one I had ever known. Like the Lady of Shallott, my mirror of careless youth was broken, and life was no longer a faint and shadowy reflection, but a tragical reality. I was brought face to face with a deep sorrow, a terrible fear, a great wrong. Lina, her mother, her father, had each and all suffered acutely. With the affliction and anxiety of the two first a position to save them by the terrible ascrifice I sympathized profoundly. There was, besides, of herself, and at the same time to hear the a general sense of insecurity about the house hold, a feeling that some catastrophe was immi-nent. Mr. Norbrecht had been paid, but there were creditors on all sides. Mr. Rosas had speculated away his enormous fortune in the most reckless manner. It could only be ex-plained by the supposition that the insanity which developed itself later, was latent even then. I returned to school, and the first break in my long intercourse with Lina was made by a change in my own fate. I was sent for by an aunt, my only surviving relative. I left London for Devonshire. She was ill, and I was detained with her for a year. Three months after I went I received the following letter from

> "We are going away, dear Susan. Papa is ruined. God bless you. Do not forget me. When I return, if ever, I shall go to you. Papa will not allow me to say where we are going. love you, dear Susan, and shall love you al-

> This was the last letter I received from her, and the last I heard of her for nearly twenty

during that period I thought of the bright eyed companion of my early youth. She, who was the envied one amongst ue all, and who seemed to us called to such brilliant destinies, had vanished into obscurity; and I, for one, was illed with apprehensions at what might be her fate. But I was wrong throughout. If her youth was not spent in the Arabia Felix I had anticipated for her, neither was her maturity doomed to the Arabia Petrea I had feared.

About twenty years after I had received Lina's letter, I was travelling with some friends in Switzerland, and for the first time came upon a trace of Lina. At a table d hote I met Mrs. Balfour. We had committed the uppardonable sin, n some English eyes, of speaking without being introduced. On the second day, speaking of the beauty of different countries, she mentioned her own place—Oakthorpe. I started as if I had been shot, and in a moment told her who I was, and asked about Lina. She told me she heard occasionally from her. It appears that Mr. Melville had left a will, by which half his property, about £3,000, was left to Lina. Mr. Rosas had left England deeply in debt, and had, therefore, left no clue to his foreign abode. Several years passed before he could be dis-covered. At last Mrs. Rosas and Lina were found. Mr. Rosas was in a mad-house, and the mother and daughter were earning a laborious livelihood - the mother by embroidery, the daughter by teaching music. Mrs. Balfour told me how nobly Line had behaved. She would not hear at first of accepting a farthing of her legacy; but when Mrs. Balfour wrote herself to tell her that she must do so, or that the pro-perty would revert to the Crown, for there was no other heir to it, Lina wrote, giving orders that it should be all employed in the payment of her father's debts. She said that her mother and herself preferred laboring for their daily bread to living in ease on poor Melville's money. In fact, that episode of her life was so painful to her that she rejected an offer of Mrs. Ba to visit her in a way that precluded Mrs. Balfour from repeating it. She wished to forget, she

had spread over a number of years, Mrs. Balfour heard from time to time of Lina, through the solicitor charged with the liquidation of them. The last she had heard was that Lina was married to a Mr. Saibach, in the neighborhood of Lucerne. That was enough for me; the next day saw me on my road to Lucerne. Arrived at the hotel, I despatched a note with the vague address of "Madame Saibach, near Lucerne."
To my smazement the very next day I received

an answer from Lina.
"Come to see me," she said; "I can scarcely believe it possible. Come directly, if you can.⁵
A few directions how to find the house, and that
was all. Lina Saibach—how I looked at the well-known writing in which was signed the

I took a carriage and drove some miles out of Lucerne; I was so impatient the time seemed interminable. How different it had all been from our early dreams. At last a white hous with two turrets rising up at each side stood before me in the middle of some farm buildings. The carriage drove into a farm-yard, and I was deposited at the door of a rude-looking mansion half farm, half school. When a Swiss house is nati farm, han sensor. When a system to delaborately quaint, is is a vulgarly mediore, and this bouse was certainly a very ugly one.

As I hastened upstairs, I stopped the servant who had opened the door for me.

"How is your mistrees? Is her mother with

"Madame is very well for her, she is never very well; but does not the lady know that Ma-dame's mother is dead; she died here five years

I suppose I turned so pale that the woman

Apparemment Madame knew that bonn Madame Rosas. She came here fifteen years ago with her daughter when she married Mon-sieur, and was like an angel, so good, so reasonable, so charitable,"

I hastened into the little drawing-re could not check my tears, for over the fire-place, facing me as I entered, was a portrait of Mrs. Rosas. It was badly painted, but there was a faint shadow of her smile, and of the tender-ness of her eyes, and not even the rude paint-ing could obscure these. The next thing which struck me was that as I had often noticed in the drawing-room at B——Square, there was more than the neual proportion of needle-work

dustry would have revealed much. Both the mother and the daughter's lives were told by the same mute witness. A few minutes pass and Lina entered. Was she changed? No first the large black eyes, the tiny features, the delicate complexion, the smooth hair, looked just as they did twenty years ago. A second look showed that these were all there, but the expression was changed; there was no vitality in it. It was the same death-in-life look, but now abiding and fixed, which had been faintly shadowed forth when she returned home after Melville's death. Lina—the former Lina—was dead, had been dead all these years. There was another change; the elegance, the taste in dress, the coquettieh prettinesses, were all gone. A drab-colored dress, worn, or rather an gone. A gran-colored grees, worn, or rather undergone; hair smooth, but folded back with only the idea of being put out of the way; a stoop in the figure replaced the winged Psyche, bright and buoyant, of former times. In a few minutes up old lady contents. an old lady entered.

My mother-in-law," said Lena; and then the mother in-law took all the talking into her hande, and Lina sat beside me, eilent, holding my hand. I felt now and then a tremulous motion in hers, as if the pulse was beating strong and fast, but that was all.

Presently two little girls entered.

she said; "this is Mary, and this is Yee,' I named them after mamma and you." The little girls were fine little creatures, and

promised to be much taller than their tiny mamma, but they had nothing of her grace.

What a contrast between this home and the one in which Lina and I sat side by side in the lays long ago! The furniture was so simple, the arrangements so homely; but instead of the poor view of opposite houses, which was all we saw before us then, what a glorious panorama presented itself from the small windows near

which we now sat. Here was compensation, I The mother-in-law was animated, and talked with a great deal of cleverness and spirit. She was evidently fond of Lina and of the children; but her face grew radiant when she talked of er son. She was to her what Lina had been Mrs. Rosas. I could scarcely realize the fact that Lina was only the second figure in the do

mestic group; I had so long seen her the first, the centre of all. While we were talking, Mr. Saibach came in He welcomed me with grave kindness, asked some eager questions about a cow that was exted to calve, pinched his little girls' ears, then went into the garden to smoke and

read his newspaper. His mother followed him. tre you happy, Lina ?" I said. "Yes, Susan, and mamma was happy, which

She lived here with you?"

Yes; Jacques has been very good to us a When we were all but hopoless, paps so ill, and we almost unable to support him as it was right he should be supported, Jacques came forward and asked me to be his wife. I told him all. I would rather never have married, but I saw mamms wished it, and I had promised her I would receive fee. would atone for all the anxiety I had caused he doing exactly as she wished in everything. I

" And you are happy?" es; mamma lived ten years with me here She died, a year after my Susan was born, with my hand in hers, contented and at peace."

I looked round the room. She smiled, for she understood me.

Yes, this is all very different from our home in England, but I like it better; so did mamma. We are at peace here, and there she suffered so much, and all its splendor had to be so dearly

Mr. Hosas?" " He died many years before mamma She spoke quietly as of old. I explored her face, and tried to read its calm.

"You remind me of old days, looking at m so earnestly.

'I should like to read your heart, Lina It is not difficult; I am satisfied with I had a great shock once: it is as if I had some limb or some sense; I am perfectly recovered, but of course I cannot be as I was

This is so different-" I said. From our early dreams-yes; there are no i singers.

diamonds and court-dresses, and no prince; but I have the Sunday schools and the children. have, what is best of all, duties to fulfill here and hopes to look forward to in heaven. To you my life may seem a dreary one—you do not see what is in it; it is like this epal, which appears nothing but a milky monotony, but holds fast in its centre a spark of tire."

"I see," I said; "they are all kind, good-humored, and unsellish; but the smile yonder I pointed to the portrait of Mrs. Rosae) has re warmth and heart in it.

Lina sighed. You are unjust, Susan. I was loved more than I deserved by her; it is better for me now to feel it is my turn to love."

Mr. Saibach came in, and we recommenced talking German. I saw that he esteemed her and was kind to her, and that he was an upright and just man; but—but—alas! I had expected such a different husband for my fairy queen. Some visitors came in while I was spending

the day at Wienacht, and I could see manner Lina received them that all the liberal sweetness of her innocent love of pleasing was

That night she came into my bed room, indressed. "Jacques is asleep," she said, and so we can have a little chat."

We talked till dawn. We watched the snowy mountains coposite, shining in their white splendor beneath the stars, and then saw them ade gradually into the grey and ghastly dawn.
"I am so glad to have seen your home,"

said; "I can now picture you to myself as some-thing real, not as the visionary memory I have had all these years." "I do not feel real always," said Lina, "and you seem to make the present more shadowy than ever; you belong so entirely to my living past, to the day that is gone, not to this night, or rather to this new dawn."

There was a look in Lina's face as she said this, that made me think of the expression in that Hope of Guido's I gave her so long ago

that Hope with upturned eyes which ought to be called Faith or Patience. I kissed her. She turned quickly. "But you must not think I am not happy. am, perhaps, not so happy as we fancied I show be—at least, not so happy in the same way, but happier than many are. Are Olivia, Gertrude, Elliner, happier than I? And you, Susan, the least fortunate of us all once, is there one of us with whom you would change now?"

"As to me—"I said; "but no matter, it is useless to talk of some or and the talk of some or in the

useless to talk of one's self; but for you I had anticipated such a full feast of happiness."

"Be assured, Susan, that I am not unhappy; and believe also, as I believe, that the good wine will come later; the water will be made wine yonder," she looked up, "for I love, and I hope, and I trust."

The next morning I bade her adieu. I was

rejoiced to have found her, glad that her home was so peaceful a one, but in my heart was a questioning regret. I confess I was very foolish. Life is never an entire fulfillment or an absolute failure; there is a middle path we none of u look forward to, which is the one apportioned to us all. It is safest after all for the "dear gazelle" to " marry the market-gardener.

IN SILENCE AND ALONE.

In silence and alone, to-night, I watch the solemn stars arise, Till, orb by orb, heaven's wearying light Drops down behind the western skies.

They keep their watch, nor know of mine; Unmindful still of blame or praise, Without a token or a sign,
They walk their cold, celestial ways.

And shining through each nightly hour, More fair than star of morn or even, Unfolds the golden crescent-flower, That monthly blooms and fades in heaven.

Nor blooms more fair that beauteous eyes Behold her shine through happy years; Nor fades the sconer from the skies, That some, like mine, are dim with tears.

I know of one whose earthly grace Doth perish, slowly, day by day, The twilight beauty of her face, More tender as it fades away

And still! the heavenly hosts move on, And coldly shine on land and wave, And still the golden moon flings down Her careless light on many a grave.

Duties of a Lady's-Maid.

One of these not-to-be-enviod persons has lately made disclosurer throwing some light upon the women of rank in England. "Much is re-quired from us in London," one of them writes: We must, above all, be very punctual, for fashionable ladies change their dress at least five times a day during the season. We must have polished manners, be no older than thirtyfive years, and always be cheerful and goodtempered, although for weeks we are kept without sleep until four o'clock in the morningwhich is equally injurious to eyes and We are expected to cut and fit, and to use the most improved machine, and to dress hair for the morning, evening, and court cos-tume, as well as for the drive, to iron well, to read, write, and cipher; to speak French and German, and, if possible, to have travelled

There is still another function of a lady's maid which is supposed to be a modern intro-duction, but which is, in fact, merely a revival of an ancient custom. We must be able to paint in pastel, not, indeed, after nature, but ther. To beautify our mistresses we must den the cheeks, put antimony upon the eyelids pastel upon the brows, introduce belladonna into eyes in order to enlarge the pupils, paint blue veins upon the temples, and use Ninon paint and pearl white upon the rest of the skin. We must change the hair to a reddish-brown by means of a corroding material, or of 'paima vecchio,' which is now used in preference, that purpose; and we must be possessed of great skill in applying all these ingredients, as their ouse is universal with the old as well as

A gentleman, upon being seked what was the reason of the present fashion of loading young ladies' necks with huge chains, replies that it was to keep the dear angels earthward, lest they should sour away -- so they were made

ed in a church in San Francisco during service and exposed the conduct of the irreverent bymtTHE BRIDAL VEIL.

BY ALICE CAREY.

We're married, they say, and you think yo have won me-Well, take this white veil from my head, and

liere's matter to vex you, and matter to grieve

you, Here's doubt to distrust you, and faith to believe I am all, as you see, common earth, common

Be wary, and mould me to roses, not rue Ah! shake out the filmy thing, fold after fold, And see if you have me to keep and to hold-Look close on my heart-see the worst of it

It is not yours to-day for the yesterday's win

ning-The past is not mine-I am too proud to bor You must grow to new heights if I love you to

We're married! I'm plighted to hold up you praises
As the turf at your feet does its handfull of

dainies; That way lies my honor -- my pathway of pride ut, mark you, if greener grass grow eith I shall know it, and, keeping in body with you. Shall walk in my spirit with feet on the dew!

We're married! O, pray that our love do no have wings flattened down and hid under my

They are subtle as light-you can never undo

and swift in their flight-you can never pursue them,
And spite of all clasping, and spite of all bands,
I can slip like a shadow, a dream, from your

Nay, call me not cruel, and fear not to take me

am yours for my lifetime, and to be what you make me-

To wear my white veil for a sign, or a cover, As you shall be proven my lord, or my lover; A cover for peace that is dead, or a token Of a bliss that can never be written or spoken.

HEARTS ERRANT.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MR. JERVIS OFF DUTY.

Mr. Jervis was taking his evening airing a the pantry door. The onerous and responsible duties of Mr. Jervis's day were over, and be looked very much at his case—probably felt so—as he leaned against the door-post, in an attitude which displayed his somewhat portly figure to the greatest advantage. Mr. Jervis's sancium was a large, airy apartment on the basement floor, and it opened out upon a sort of verandah, which extended all along the side of the house, and embraced in its patronage the housekeeper's room, the still-room, and other "superior" (as Mr. Jervis was fond of pointing out to visitors) offices. The taste which had elsewhere enriched every nook with blossom had made this verandah a perfect bower of bloom. The fragrant clouds arcended from Mr. Jervis's cheroot to mingle with the scent of jasmine and clematis, and with the faint, sweet

breath of late-blooming roses. Turning the corner from where this verandah ended, another and still more "superior" sec-tion of the building commenced. Lawns and flower-beds faced the windows of the billiardroom and state drawing room, whilst at the corner, where the end of the verandah aforesaid formed a nucleus for the growth of flowery beauty—thick enough to form a screen—a few steps and a glass door gave entrance to a small octagon-shaped chamber. The walls of this chamber, which people came upon quite as a surprise, were bung with a green trellis work of paper, on which clustered and climbed glowing imitations of the outside loveliness. The curtains which shaded the windows, and those which reiled the bed, were of flowered chintz; the carpet was strewed with resce; the very ceiling was embossed in white wreaths. This "Garden Bower," as it was called, had been a pretty, fanciful whim of Sir Walter Armytage's young wife of fifty years ago, and although never used since her premature death, a tender love for her memory had kept it in the same order and design. When the paper faded it was replaced by a new one of the same pattern; when moth and dust and too intrusive sunshine had dimmed the lustre of the flower besprinkled chintz, it was re-hung in pristine freshness. Here was revealed the soft spot in the heart of the stern old man-only stern, perhaps, because of the blighted tenderness, the choked-up streams of love and happiness, which, turned inwards upon themselves, flowed in a devastating flood over the fair fields of hope, and found vent only to trickle forth in this little rill of gentle re

So the loving and beloved amongst us liv two lives : the one, a visible life before men ; the other, when the grave has closed upon the first, an invisible life in the hearts and the memories of those who cherished them-a second life, more levely, more pure, more blameless than

miss Ursula and her nieces, hearing the uching story of the "Garden Bower" from the grand old housekeeper—foster sister to the dead baronet—received it after the manner of their several natures. Miss Ursula, whose heart beat its own secret response to the tale, wiped away a furtive tear. Olive whispered-

"Aunt Ursula, we will never use this room :

will keep it always sacred."
Whilst Claris, fluttering hither and thither, praised the richness of the lace upon the dressing table, and surveyed herself in the mirrors, and walked through the glass doors into the garden, talking in a loud voice all the time.

"A very pretty story—quite a romance!
There must be lote of such stories connected with this fine old place; and surely there is a ghost, is there not, Mrs. ____, Mrs. ____?" "Gaythorn, miss," bowel the satis-clad

"Mrs. Gaythorn," Claris repeated. "I ought not to forget your name-it is so uncommon. shall remember it now; and I must come down to your room, Mrs. Gaythorn, and hear all the IRREVERENT. - A champagne ourk pop- | legends of the house; for, of course, you know

Mrs. Gaythorn, coloring with pride and gratifiestion, acknowledged that she did, and that

whenever the young lady would be pleased to ment she may have felt, and effectually sile honor her with a visit, she would be proud to tell her all she knew of her great ancestorswhich word Mrs. Gaythorn pronounced with an emphasis on the second syllable which certainly added to its importance. And Mrs. Gaythorn thought, at the same time, what a charming, affable young lady Claris was - "eo poble-look ing, to

too every inch an Armytage !"
'A delicious little corner !" Claris finally pronounced, standing at the door to take a last survey of the apartment. "I believe I shall come and establish myself here when the sum-

mer comes. It would really be a pity not to use such a pretty, snur little nest."

And Miss Ursula, sighing gently, thought to berself that it would have to be so sooner or later. The spirit of love, which had for so long inhabited that little chamber, had departed with the dead baronet, and the deserted shrine must even come to common uses. Only she felt that she could not have found it in her keart to dis-turb the relies of so much past love and con-

But Claris, immersed in visits and receptions and in the many important duties which she took upon herself, let that first summer pass by without remembering the "Garden Bower." Now, however, she suddenly recurred to her old idea. Mr. Jervis, leaning, as we have said, in all the luxury of idleness, against the door of the pantry, was disturbed by a knocking at the

other and inner door.
"Come in!" said Mr. Jervis, taking his eigar from his mouth for the greater facility of speech but in no otherwise changing his comfortable

But, instead of coming in, the applicant for dmission only knocked again, and more "Mr. Jervis was very good-natured, so he

merely indulged in a lazy sigh as he proceeded to open the door to his diffident visitor. A pile of shadowy and unsubstantial garments massed into an erect but indistinguishable form, and yards of flowing drapery, were all that his view. Only a voice somewhere in the background asked-

"Mr. Jervis, will you let me pase through

Mr. Jervie's cheeks grew very red, and his heart bumped very loudly against his waistcoat. The voice exercised a certain magical influence over that organ in Mr. Jervis's bosom. Behind the drapery was concealed the form which Mr. Jervis, in his secret soul, was wont to apostro phise in the words of the song-

"She's all my fancy painted her She's lovely-she's divine!

"Bless me, Miss Perks!" he cried, with con siderable animation, "I had no hidear it was you, or I shouldn't have kept you so long at the door. Mallow me." And in his eagerness to door. //allow me." And in his eagerness to senist the fair object of his devotion, he proceeded to crumple a rose-colored tarlatane skirt

inexperienced fingers.

"Thank you, Mr. Jervis," replied Miss Perks, gathering the threatened finery back into her own hands. "Perhaps you wouldn't mind taking this dressing-case instead. You see, Miss Claris has got a fancy to-day to move into the "Garden Bower," and Proposition down, by things." den Bower," and I'm bringing down her things; but I've locked the door and left the key in her dressing-room, like a stupid that I am." (Mr. Jervis looked properly deprecating) " But the But the

mind my coming through your room. Mr. Jervis didn't mind at all—quite the con-trary—and he said so. And neither Jid he mind carrying the dressing case to the glass door; and when he got there he discovered that blind had become disarranged and required a nail or two, which he hastened to fetch from his own apartment; and after this he found that he could be useful to Miss Perks in various small matters, which occupied so much time that both Mr. Jervis and Miss Perks were found to disre-gard the supper-bell of the "superior" do

Jervie, wiping his hot forehead. "It is," responded the lady of his heart; and what's more, it's a great deal too warm for all this moving and worrying. You see, Miss Charis is so thoughtless; she might just as well have told me this morning she wanted to change her room, and then I could have taken my time about it; but only after lunch she said, 'Move about it; but only after lunch she said, 'Move everything into the Garden Bower.' So I made ian't like Miss Olive; who wouldn't put anybody about so ill-convenient. Do you know, Mr. Jervis," continued Miss Ferks, lowering her voice to a mysterious whisper, "I don't half voles to a mysterious whisper, "I don't half like it. It doesn't seem to me right to use this room that they say has been kept just so for so many years. I don't believe it's lucky." Mr. Jervis, feeling himself honored by a most

unexpected amount of confidence on Miss Perke's part, and considerably elated thereat gallantly replied that, for his part, he believed the change to be "pertickler lucky." Proximity to Miss Claris necessarily implied proximity to Miss Perks, and Mr. Jervis was fully alive to his unexpected advantages. He wated bold upon the strength of them, and Mise Perke's a rangements being completed, he ventured to uggest a turn or two in the verandah

low be it understood that, although the pri ference of Mr. Jervis was a thing perfectly well known and recognized throughout the establish ment, Miss Perks could never, up to this point have been said to have given that function any encouragement; it suited her, for reason or another, to ignore the butler's very evident devotion. The maids said she we deep one—the worst kind of flirt;" that only held back to draw him on." etc. he was "wasting his time, button for Jervis whilst Mr. Jervis felt himself held at a most perplexing and mortifying distance.

Under these circumstances, his proposition simple enough at another time, was sufficiently bold and hazardous. Miss Perks hesitated. "It's uncommon hot." faltered the would be

or; "a walk 'll do you good, miss."
Well," replied the lady at last, "I've no objection; and perhaps Mrs. Gaythorn would take

Mr. Jervis looked crestfallen.

"Mrs. Gaythorn is afraid of the evening Asir," depressed, and he didn't feel as if he should he suggested; "but we can ask her, if you like." sleep that night. And so they did, but Mrs. Graythorn declined "spoil sport." Her sympathies were on Mr. Miss Perks was blessed with a considerable

she accordingly yielded with as good a grace as maid's solitary watch. When the mistress came, she could, talking down whatever embarrass, the wax cancles on the toilet and before the

the heated butler by her very unusual volubility.

The night had settled down close and sultry; the footfalls of the pair sounded back from the hardened ground, dried up by a month of sunny drought. Miss Perks's rapid raule of talk hung upon the heavy air in her track. Grave Mrs. Gaythorn, winding up her watch for the night, glanced out of her open window, and nodded to herself with a certain knowledgeable satisfaction; whilst poor Mr. Jervis, his courage beaten down by the resistiese pelt of monologue, was calculating in a hot muddle of mind how little he was likely to gain by the move from which he had hoped so much. But all things come to an end in time, and Miss Perka's breath and ready wit suddenly failed her at one and the same moment. Me lowice salled his demonstration same moment. Mr. Jervis railled his demoraliz-ed forces, and seized the occasion.

od forces, and seized the occasion.

"Hem! a—hem!" he coughed. "Have you any fancy for the public line, Miss Perks?"

Miss Perks had run completely down, like a Dutch clock, and she was at his mercy.

"La, Mr. Jervis?" she giggled in a sort of sickly, helpless way, "what do you mean?"

This was exactly the question Mr. Jervis wanted to be asked, and he proceeded to answer it with considerable engerness.

"Look here, Miss Perks: I've lived twenty years in good families, and I've saved a good bit of money—enough to set me up in a first rate

years in good families, and I've saved a good bit of money—enough to set me up in a firetrate business. I'm turned of forty, Miss Perks, and I think it's about time I was my own master. Not but what Miss Armytage is the best of mistresses; but the time's sure to come when a man wants a home of his own, and a wife and family about him, and that time's come to me. Besides which, Miss Perks, I think you can't have helped seeing that—that I'm very fond of you, and if you'll only consent to have me, my heart and hand is yours, and I hope I shall make you always happy and comfortable."

Miss Perks had stopped short when he began, with a sort of desperate submission to circum-stances to hear him out. She was standing near stances to hear him out. She was sunding near one of the posts of the verandah—a green-painted pillar wreathed about with a rose-tree, the white flowers of which gleamed ghost-like through the disr twilight. It was a spiendid through the disr twilight. through the dim twilight. It was a splendid offer for her—an offer which had been coveted by many an ambitious Abigail. There was as intection in Mr. Jervie's voice when he spoke of his "bit of money" which told of conselous dignity and a due sense of the value of his offer. Yet Miss Perks did not give it the instant appreclation it seemed to deserve. She trembled very much, so much that she was glad to lay her hand upon the post to steady herself. If it had been light enough, Mr. Jervis would have seen a quick flush of something like joy pass across her face when he spoke of his love; as it was, he posticularly college and provided the post of the college of the state of the second college and the post of the second college and the second college of the he noticed only a paleness which he fancied was the shadow of the monless night. He went on, not exactly encouraged by her silence, but be could not stop—
"I know of a good snug business—a public-

house where we might make a very handsome living, and be quite like gentry too. None of your low pot-house work, but a thorough genteel country connection, with a little farm at the back-some forty acres or so-where Hubbard, that has it now, grows corn for all the horses that come to him, and makes butter enough to pay the rent of the house too. It's a pretty e too, with a wood in front, and night and chickens, and pigeons, and a porch covered with honeysuckle, and first-rate stables. I'm sure we could be as happy as the day's long."

"Don't, Mr. Jervis—pray don't say any nore!" gasped Miss Perks at last. And as she spoke, she crushed herself with unconscious energy against the pillar, and her restless, quivering fingers strewed a shower of

white rose-leaves at her feet. "Why—why not?" stammered the poor mandescending suddenly from his elevation. " you're bespoke already, Miss Perks, you've only to say so. I don't want to stand in any one's way, and I don't want to take any man's leaving.

Only, I must say, I don't feel as I've been well treated, when we've been living together going on for two years, and my meaning has been pretty plain, that you shouldn't have let me know as much before!" His wounded feeling had quickened into irritation, and in his irrita ion he was disposed to be unjust.

A great struggle was going on in Miss Perks's

breast—an unaccountable struggle. For she was very favorably disposed towards the but ler; his proposal of the future "public," nightingales and stables, the porch and the chickens, and, above all, of the love which went with them, was to her heart of hearts a glimpse opened up to her, she longed, as a weary travel ler longs for his journey's end. And she was so

She trembled very much, like one who has ust narrowly escaped a great danger - who has battled almost to the death with a great temptation, and has come out torn and wounded, but victorious - a victory which one's as much as a defeat - when she laid her hand upon the butler's arm, and said-

"You have no call to be angry with me, Mr. Jervis. I hav'n't walked with any one since I was a girl of eighteen, and I'm seven-and twenty now, and I don't care for anybody else. I'm very much obliged to you for your offer, and I 't say no to it. But I don't say yes. was collected again now-her habit of self command had returned to her - " I'll ask you to give ie time, Mr. Jervie, to consider about it and give you my answer

Oh these cold and hot alternations; these Turkish baths of love! Mr. Jervis, plunged a minute since into the depths of despair, is suddenly brought to a warm glow of hope.
"Miss Ferks!" he exclaimed, with lively em-

phasis, "I'm willing to wait. I shall be pleased to wait any time."
"Then this day sh months," quietly rejoined

Mr. Jervis straightway entered a cooler at-nosphere. "Six months!" he repeated. "Isn't mosphere. "Six months: ne is

that—chi —rather a long time?"
"It's the shortest I can give," said Miss
Perks, decisively, "and if it's too long, I can't
help it. Good night, Mr. Jervis." And before
he could remonstrate, she had gone.

Mr. Jervis returned slowly to his sauctum, and as elowly put himself to bed; his spirits were

"Eleven o'clock," he said, as he put out the light. "I we "I wonder if she's sitting up still for

Miss Perks was blessed with a considerable. Drawing aside his blind, he looked towards amount of good sense. She began to see that the window of the Garden Bower. Yes, there any further opposition would be ridiculous, and

Everybody else is in bed, thought Mr. Jer via, as he took a comprehensive survey of the long parallel line of windows to his left. "Mrs. Gaythorn's light is out. It's a shame of Miss. Carls to keep that poor thing all this time."

But what cared Mes Clarie? Never had she nation to end the day

Miss Perks waited on patiently in the Garden Bower with wonderful patience, considering that the task of needlework which generally beguiled these waiting hours was absent from her hands, and that those busy members lay idly folded in her lap. For Miss Perke's thoughts had work enough to do just then; they travelled—it is impossible to say how far they travelled—to what unwelcome backward stage of memory-for, at last Miss Perke's fore grew set and etern, and as if to shake off some troublesome than-tom of memory, she lifted the blind and looked out into the still night. Then, as if some movement were necessary to her, she basied herself in doing over again the little offices of prepara tion which were already done -she re arranged the lyary-handled brushes on the table, she folded anew the white dressing gown which bung over the chair set ready for her mistress's toilet then, walking to the bed, she shook the ison edged pillow and smoothed afresh the dainty linen sheet. It was then that, turning back towards the window, she saw, standing just within the glass door, the saure of a man, a equalid, roffianly man in a ragged curtout, and

appearance, and training herself to meet it. For she gave no start of surprise, she uttered no cry; only she stepped back to the inner door of the room, and notationally turned the key in the lock. Then she nodded towards the equalid, ruffi only man, and said quietly-

"So you have come back again?"
It was six years and six mouths since she had parted from him, and yet her tone was as un-concerned, as matter of course, as if only a week of absence had stood between them.

"Yee, Mary," he said in a sullen tone, "I've come back again. You don't seem over-glad to

"Glad to see him!" when his reappearance closed so pitilessly, for ever, the gates of that Paradize into which, this evening, she had dared to look -into which she had dared for one brief to hope she might yet enter! In her county there was a delusion current among the folk that seven years of absence could the marriage vow, and make the wife as good as dead to the husband, and the husband dead to the wife. Brought up amongst those who believed this, she had believed it too, and had suffered these weary months and years of probation with a trembling hope that release might lie at the end—release from a hateful dewhich had held firm through blood and crime, through loathing and hatred. And when only six months by between her and blessed free dom, her years of patient waiting were thus made to count for nought. "Glad to see him!" Her check blanched as all this swept over

her mind, and she answered firmly—
"No. I'm not glad to see you: why should I be? I'm sorry for your own sake, and I'm terly sorry for mone. What do you want

He looked up at her furtively from under his shaggy eyebraws, and a certain wistfulnes soon led through his sullen tones as he replied

I've been so hunted! I've had such a dog' life, I'd liefer die than live this minute!"
On! it must have been a hideous, damning crime which had killed so dead within her the

love she had borne the husband of her youth that so single heart-thron woke again at the sound of his despair, it must have been a cruel, deadly sin which had so stifled in her woman's breast every spark of tender pity that she-a woman, and a wife-could now coldly ray to You've had no more than you deserve

It roused him; he clenched his hand; his bloodshot eyes glared dangerously.
"D — u you!" he uttered, "is that all you've got to say to me?"

She never qualled; she was a brave woman,

She never quantum, the purse.
at least. She took out her purse. fore, and I tall you egain now, that we're no thing to each other no more, not so much as if we were strangers. I've got a good place here year; my wages is twenty; and I'll send it to you by post office order wherever you like as my quarter's money to-day - five pounds - here's

He took a sudien step forward, and would have wrested the puree from her hand, but she
was too q lick for him.
"I'll have it all!" he swore.

"Na, you won't!" she said, slipping the purse into her bosom with one hand, whilst she thrust him back with the other. "Touch me again and I'd raise the bouse! You see this bell—the butter sleeps close by. Fil tell them

stood close to her still, struggling with demoniac passion, his upraised hand arrested in the set of striking, when the glass door was pushed suddenly open, and Mr. Jervis, with a hurried toilet about him, stood just

She sprang forward, and thrust her hand be

Don't?" she cried passionately, but und her breath-"don't speak, for morey's sake I'm quite safe '

Mr. Jervis looked from one to the other. "Is it robbers?" he asked

"No, no!" she garpet, "I-I-know him."
Mr. Jerris Lokest again - hard - at the ragged
curtous, at the rufficuly mice, and by an incointarily movement placed himself etill farthe by the ood of ext

Let him go! cried Wise Perke franticallylet him go before Miss Caris comes!" In her eagerness she laid her hand upon his

Ga, go !" she repeated, waving her hand to defeated ruffian; and as he slouched by, she a did more eximit-

He stopped before the pair as they stood

"I'll tell you what," he cursed, "I can see through you two, and by - I'll spoil you

And then he walked out and was lost in the dark night Mr Jervis listened until his footsteps ceased

"I'd a great mind to nab him," he said, ally you didn't seem to like it." He looked casily at her. "He's a rum customer. What uneasily at her. "He's a rum custom do you know about him, Miss Perks?"

She took the restraining hand from his arm; er face was all a stone.

"He's my husband," she said

Mr Jervis sat down upon the floor. It was not dignified; it was not, by any means, required by the circumstances; it was a comedy strangely out of keeping with the tragedy which had just been played out, which was set being played out in poor Mr. Jurvis's heart—nevertheless he did!— For the simple reason that, at this crisis, his legs absolutely refused to support him, and there being no chair at hand, he was fain to take the only available resting place. And from this ignominious position he looked helplessly and pitcously up at Miss Perks.

She answered the mute appeal, standing over him and looking down upon him, too much ab-sorbed in the petios of her own wrenge to be sensible of the riducule of his position

sensible of the riduals of his position.
"I married him," she said, "when I was a
gid of eighteen, a silly thought (as creature,
and I thought it was a grand thing to have a
home of my own, and not to go to service as which heavy, beetling brows shadowed by a hat the other girls in the place had to do. He was tend, dirty wideawake. And this man utiered but one word—

smith, and might have done well if he'd liked. "Mary!"

It may have been that long years of caution had taught her to suppress all outward demon child, and nothing to comfort me. He was always a bad temper, and the drink made it worse.

My home that I took such a pride in at first got broken up bit by hit. Took had no plant this appearance, and training herself to broken up bit by hit. broken up bit by bit—you know what a home comes to when drink gets into it—and some-times I wanted bread. Then I took in eewing for I was always clever at my needle—and so I managed to keep things together a little. Then he wronged me, and they went about to fairs 'and such things together, and one day"—she stopped here a long time—"one day size was found murdered by the wayside, and he came and took the little money I had earned, and went away without even saying good bye. It was six years and a-balf ugo, and in another six months I counted on being a free woman again, and I told you I would give you your answer then, Mr. Jervis. I've told you all this because I couldn't have you blams me, and because you've cared about me, and I know you'll never tell ou me. Promise me, Mr. Jervis," she said. auddenly changing her tone of confidence for one of quick suspicion—"promise me you'll never breathe what you've heard and seen this

night"

Mr. Jervis picked himself up from the flaor.

"No, that I never will!" he cried with returning energy, "and I'll give you my Bible eath upon it. Poor thing! you couldn't help it."

And he tried to take her hand.

She gave it to him for one second, then she

snatched it away again.
"There's Miss Claris," she whispered. And as she fastened the glass door behind him, and, crossing the floor, held the other open for her mistress, she was again the composed, quiet Abigail, the attentive Perks, who seemed to have no life beyord the circle of her duties.

So powerful was the habit of self-restraint which she had practised so long, that it mastered even the anguish of that hour of disappoint

Claris fluttered in radiant and gracious. She admiss all the arrangements of the chamber; she inquired for her various possessious, and saw where they were bestowed, then she took her keys into her own hands, and suddenly dis covering that Perks looked pale and tired, ex cused her further attendance, vawning, and de claring that she was herself too fatigued to lin ger long over her preparations for the night.

Yet long afterwards the clematic screen out side her window was bathed in a flood of light which was neither smakine nor moonbeam whilst Mr Jervis, tossing in his uneasy slumber muttered-

" It is a shame of Miss Claris to keep that oper thing sitting up all this time (TO BE CONTINUED.)

BROUGHT TO LIGHT.

(CONCLUDED.)

BY THOMAS SPEIGHT.

CHAPTER XLIV

Pour prendre monde. Yes, we have at length reached that point of our parrative at which no thing is left for the sorr-teller to do, save to tie up the knots of a few scattered threads, and bid is readers a kindly farewell.

Lady Spenceraugh never rallied from the the hands of Puplessis and his accomplier, and subsequent. eath in one of his most terrible aspects stared her in the face. Her nervous system had bee overtaxed, too, by the mental excitement of the Her nervous system had beer ew preceding weeks, culminating in her confes sion in the vault; and now that he whom she had too credularly believed to be dead, had made his appearance once more on the scene and had indeed saved her life at the risk of his there was nothing left worth living for, and that vanities, the better for every one. The one great scheme of her life was irretrievably wrecked, and all her earthly hopes were drown

For the four days following the night of her rescue she lay in hed, and refused to see any one but the woman who took her her meals; interentering her room, but on the morning of the

fifth day she sent for John and her son.
"I have sent for you, Sir Arthur Spence-laugh," she said, turning on the young man a warn, wan face, "to ask your forgiveness for of the matter, found it to their interest to keep the great wrong I have done you; and to claim a close tongue thereon; and the world, ever your kind offices for Gaston when I shall be no ready to welcome a story with a spice of roon was utterly ignorant of his mother's crime. knew nothing of the base means by which my and his wife had been led to believe him cends were to be accomplished. For myself, I but the naughty people who had taken think that during the little remaining time that is left me here, it would be a comfort to me to know that you had forgiven me. That you are with open arms by Lady Spencelaugh, and to

res are always generous."

John had flushed at hearing himself thus acinowledged as fir Arthur Spencelaugh; but the heling which had evoked the rush of color nickly died away, and both his eyes and voice were full of grave tenderness as he answered

Lady Spencelaugh.

"For whatever wrong or injury your Lady hip may at any time have done me," he said pray you to accept my full and entire for givenees. Let such wrong be as utterly forgot ten between us as though it had never existed You were my father's wife, Lady Spencelaugh and that fact renders you exceed in my eyes and in time to come, I trust that you will allow o regard you with somewhat of the respect and devotion due from a son to a mother ; from day, try to remember that you have two irning towards the sullen young man standing a the opposite side of the bed, "I admit that n the opposite side of the bed, "I admit that t must seem very hard for him to be dispossess. ed by a stranger of what he has been brought up to look upon as his own. But I hope that after a little time, he will learn to look upon that stranger as a brother; and, in any case, he will find that I am not disposed to act ungenerously by him."

Guston pretended not to see the proffered hand. "But the proofs," he said in an aggrieved voice, addressing his mother. "Mr. Greenhough told me no longer ago than yesterday afternoon, that the proofs of the identity of this-this gentleman, with the person he states himself to be, were by no means clear at present. It seems to me that we are getting on a little too fast just now."

This gentleman is Arthur Spencelaugh, your father's eldest son," said her Ladyship salemnly to Gaston. "Whatever further proofs Mr. Greenhough may think proper to ask for, cannot alter that fact. I committed a great crime, Gaston, to benefit you, as I thought; but I now charge you earnestly not to perpetuate that crime by striving to ignore facts which must ultimately be acknowledged by the world. I tell you again, this is Sir Arthur Spencelaugh,

and your brother.' "Your son is right, Lady Spencelaugh," said ohn. "In his position, be has no right to so-John. cept anything on hearsay. I will meet him to-morrow, together with Mr. Greenhough, and will lay before them such proofs that I really am the person I claim myself to be, as cannot, I think be met by any reasonable doubt."

Accordingly the three met together next morn ing when John entered into a detailed account of the result of his visit to America, which ac count, as far as it now concerns us, may be compressed into a few sentences. John's first efforts had been directed to finding Ike Yarnold the old squatter, to whose charge he had been committed by Kreefe; and in this attempt he had happily succeeded. The old man recognized John before the latter spoke to him; and when required at his hands, and satisfied that no harn should happen to himself, he at once agreed to go before the mayor of the nearest town, and there have his deposition as to the identity of John taken in proper form. The only son of Yarnold now living at home also deposed before the same functionary to the identity of John with the youth who had lived under his father's roof for no many years. Before leaving, the old squatter presented John with two or three faded notes written by Kree'e, and all referring more or less to "the boy," which notes had been treasured up by ike, as the only post-letters he had ever received in his life. Eucouraged by this first success, John's next effort was direct ed to finding out the particular Mullineville to which, if the information given him by an old inhabitant of Willsburgh might be relied upon, the Kreefes had removed on their departure from the latter place. Mullinsville, in the state of Massachusetts, proved to be the town of which he was in quest. picking up ample particulars respecting the Kreefes. The little property possessed by Barbars at her death had been bequeathed by her to one of the charitable institutions of the town. Her broker who had purchased the greater portion it, hearing that an Englishman was making uirles respecting Kreefe and his wife, brought John a lot of papers which he had found in the secret drawer of an old bureau bought by him at the sale, and which had doubtless escaped the notice of Barbara when she made a holo caust of her husband's letters. Some of the documents thus strangely recovered proved to be of no email value to John. Among them Kreefe for sums paid him for the maintenance of the boy intrusted to his care. Besides these there were two or three letters from Marthi Winch to her brother in which the same subject was guardedly alluded to, in connection with several references to a certain "Lady S." The broker made no difficulty about parting with these documents for a small consideration nor of further annexing to them a written state nent, duly witnessed, stating by what means hey had come into his possession. Armed thus with a double set of proofs, John at once made

We have by no means a bad case, in a legal point of view," said Mr. Greenhough to Lady Spencelaugh, when he went to visit her at the close of his interview with John, "We have possession in our favor, and that goes a long way. The armor of this Mr. John English is by no means armor of proof; there are several flaws in it, and if your Ladyship..."

"No, no, Mr. Greenhough I' said Lady Spence laugh vehemently. "It il you this young gen-tleman is the man he professes to be, and you are as well aware of it as I am. Knowing what you do, would you drag this wretched business into a court of law, and call up me to give evi-How could Gaston ever hold p his head among honorable men again? You have been a faithful friend, Mr. Greenhough, and I thank you from my heart; but this must

not be, no. never-never!" out at last that Sir Arthur Spencelaugh stepped into his title and estate as quietly and easily as though no one had ever dreamed of disputing his claim to those possessions. The few people who knew the real truth of the matter, found it to their interest to keep You will believe me when I say that my mance in it, was not difficult to satisfy. The utterly ignorant of his mother's crime. eldest son of the late Sir Philip Sp-ncelaugh What I did was done to benefit him, but he had been abducted in childhood, and Sir Philip knew nothing of the base means by which my and his wife had been led to believe him dead;

large mirror would be lighted up; until then, there together, her hand upon the butler's brave, I have had ample proof, and brave natures are always generous."

be gracefully bowed into the seat of honor by tures are always generous." the chivalrous Gaston, who had at once ceded his new found honors to the long-lost heir. Tons the rumor ran; and to rumors, three fourths of mankind are ever ready to pin their faith, facts being such awkward things to get at. So the world of polite society, figuratively speaking, opened its arms to welcome the long-lost Sir Arthur, and would doubtless have welcomed him to its heart also, but that such an incum brance forms no part of its anatomy.

Lady Spencelaugh lingered on for severa weeks, growing weaker from day to day, fading out of life like a lamp that dies slowly, but surely, for lack of oil. Frederica was with her almost constantly; and the bond between them two women, so soon to be severed by the hand of Death, had more strength and vitality in it during these few latter days than it had had during all the years that went before. Gaston, rest less and moody, lounged in and out of his mo-ther's room a dozen times a day. He was the last person in the house to apprehend the loss that was coming upon him; he never though otherwise than that a few weeks would see his mother's health as completely re-established as he ever remembered it to have been, for his mo-ther had been a semi-invalid as long as he could recollect; till Frederica broke the truth to him only two days before the end.

Sir Arthur, too, was a frequent and a welcome visitor in that little room. All that had hap-pened between himself and Lady Spencelaugh in past days seemed as completely forgotten as though it had never been; and the dying wo man's eyes lighted up with true pleasure when

r he entered her room.
What love and tender regard might have been mine through all those weary years!" she said on almost the last morning of her life. "But I threw them willfully away to grasp at a bauble which turned to ashes in my hand the momen I thought it was my own."

Gaston had no reason to complain of any want of generosity on the part of Sic Arthur. The weight of debt that had hung like a millstone weight of debt that had hung fire a ministone round his neck, was at once cleared off; a liberal allowance was settled on him; and, at his own request, a commission was procured for him in a regiment, which, shortly afterwards, was order-ed abroad. With all his faults and follies, there was some sterling stuff in the young man. He has seen good service already, has lost an arm and won a captaincy. Last time he was down in Monkshire, he was lionised to his heart's con-tent; and had he been matrimonially inclined, he might have had the pick of half the eligible girls in the county. He and Sir Arthur are on the best of terms; and it was only the other week, in the smoking-room of a certain house where both of us happened to be visiting, and towards the small hours of the morning, that spoke his mind to the present chronicler as for lows: "Tell you what, my boy, it was a deuced good thing for this child that the title and es tates went from him in the way they did. hould have made ducks and drakes of the pro perty, as sure as eggs are eggs, and have done credit to an old name. But look at me now Having to fight my way up has done me all the good in the world. I've made myself known in a small way; I've as much tin as I want, and more; I'm liked by a heap of fellows; and I've got the best brother in the world. Yes, Arthur a a brother to be proud of, and I am proud of

Belair was not burned down. The fire did no extend beyond the wing were it originated, and which had been at once picturesque and uncom fortable. A new wing, more suited to the re-quirements of modern living, and more in ac-cord, architecturally, with the rest of the manrose before long on the spot made vacant

death, Mrs. Winch, having disposed of her busi-Normanford, and was no more seen by the in-habitants of that little town. It was supposed

that she had emigrated to New Zealand, where it was known that she had relatives living; and in the lack of positive information, we may accept this supposition as correct. Of Jane Garrod, what can I sav. except that

the master of Belair never ceased to remember how much he owed to her indefatigable exer tions in his behalf. In a worldly point of view he could do nothing for either her or Abel simply because they were in want of nothing The situation held by Abel suited his tastes en actly, and was quite up to the height of his abilities; while his income, small though it was, was more than sufficient to meet the inexpensive tastes of Jane and himself. Of worldly store or increase, they stood in no need; but Sir Arthur and Frederica could give them what they valued infinitely higher-true friendship, and that was given without grudging: none of the ordinary conventional barriers of society were allowed to touch, however remotely, the bond of genuin air and the humble dwellers in the little station house at Kingethorpe

Of Antoine the faithful, anthentic tidings have come to hand quite recently. Sir Arthur, while in London a few months ago, recognized the ex-valet in the street, without being seen imself; and had the curiosity to follow him for half a mile, till he tracked him into a small cafe near Leioreter Square, of which place Antoine and his brother proved, on inquiry, to be joint proprietors. Behind the counter, and flanked two huge jurs of chocolate and sweetmeats, and officent in the lustre of black act n and cheap jewelry, est Clouide, the imperious, less clooming, and more vicious looking than of old. Believing, as he did, that Auto'ne had pever the hands of his crafty master, and glad to find that he had now taken to such an bonest mode of getting a living, S.r Arthur was well pleased to leave him in peace, and ro unobserved on his

way.

But one more duty remains to be done before the green curtain comes down, and that is, to bring my hero and heroine together for the last time in front of the stage, that hand in hand they may make their bow to the audience. That they two-Arthur and Frederica-would inevitably come together, that nothing bes death fear of contradiction from what had gone be fore. But it is too late in the day for me to re port any of the little love-passages between them, or set down any of their foolish-wise neither can I under ake to furnish any detailed ecount of the wedding which followed in due indeed, I am so wofully ignorant in these matters, that I could not even tell you what the bridesmaids were on the happy occasion. We may, however, take one last peep at

them on the threshold of their new life, before

bidding them a friendly farewell.

It is a pleasant autumn evening, the evening of the day of their return from their wedding-tour. Sir Arthur and Frederica have direct quietly together without company; and now, just as the sun is beginning to dip behind the great Belair woods, and all the western front of the old Hall glows, and winks, and basks in the golden light, as though it were alive, they come tepping through the open windows of the lining room on to the shaven lawn outside; and dining room on to the shaven tawn outside; and plucking here and there a flower as they go, they wind slowly down till they come to a mose-grown wicket, and so pass out into the park, the great reaches of which are checkered with light or shade as the trees stand open or close. A few leaves scattered here and there on the yellow footway, that fades into a thread in the dim distance, speak of the year's fruition and the fulfillment of many hopes; and as the new lord of Belair and his wife pace slowly under the overarching trees, the ever-busy squirrel peers down at them with carious eyes from the upper boughs; from bracken and coppice the timid hare and the sly rabbit peep out at them wonderingly; all the happy songsters of the grove take note of them; the gaudy peacook on the terrace screams a shrill good-night ere he shuts up his fan, and goes within doors; while the in-quisitive deer follow them watchfully from afar.

Frederica's arm is within that of her husband, and she looks up fondly into his face as she and she looks up fondly into his face as she speaks. "I am glad we are home again, dear," she says. "With all its attractions, I was be-ginning to weary of the continent—beginning to long to be back in my own sweet English nest."

In which I hope that you and I together will pass many, many happy years," answers Sir Arthur; and with that, he stoops and kieses his bride, believing himself unseen. But a one-eyed blackbird of misanthropical habits, who appens to be taking the air on the branch of at oak close by, is a witness of the sweet transaction, and resolves to consult his Brother Rook in the morning concerning this curious custom of the unfeathered bipeds.

"You remember that day at Naples," says Frederica, "when we sat in the balcony outside our hotel, and discussed our plans for the future—what alterations we were to make here and there; what improvements of various kinds we were to try to effect; the good we were to etrive to do in many ways; and the general rule that was to regulate our life and conduct, as far as such things can be regulated for a future of which we know so little: do you remember the evening I speak of?"

"Perfectly," answers Sir Arthur. "I seemed to know you better from that hour than I had

ever known you before."
"And all those resolves, hopes, and wishes still hold good in both our minds," resumes Frederica; "but I sometimes fear that the corrosion which wealth and ease so often bring with them will not be without its effect upon us; and slowly rust into inefliciency; that all our fine resolutions and philanthropical schemes, having no vital principle of necessity at the back of them, will never bear fruit, but wither one by one, and die of inanition; and that as you and I grow in years, we shall gradually fade into a couple of good-natured nonentities, living for ourselves alone; not actively selfish, so long as our own little comforts are not interfered with; charitable to a certain extent, but charistate of mind that will look back upon all the schemes, hopes, and resolutions of which we are brimful just now, as upon the wild-day dreams of two children, who looked out at the world. and all its belongings, through the rose co spectacles of youth and love. Does the dread of such a future never haunt you?"

"Never," replies Sir Arthur decisively. "I cannot conceive of myself as coming to such a pass; and with you by my side, I shall feel doubly armed against it. Genteel sloth has been the ruin of many a promising life. Let us try to make our lives healthily active; let us never be without some object to strive for, some thing to look forward to; and if our ends have not been ignoble ones, so much the better for us when the evening shall come .- But see there is the spire of the little church showing above the

Frederica pressed closer to her busband's rm, and they walked on in silence. They had dedicated this the first evening of their return to a visit to the little church where lay the reto a visit to the little church where lay the re-mains of him they both had loved so well. The old sexton was there ready with the keys. In reverent silence, they went in. Frederica's heek was wet w ten minutes later. The autumn rising, and the trees looked dim and ghostlike as they took their way back through the park, neither wholly corrowful nor whoily glad. So let us leave them. THE END.

The city of Tours in France, has a tue of the illustrious philosopher, Descartes, in one of its public places, with the motto on its pedestal, "Cogito, ergo sum," I think, therefore, I exist. The citizens when asked by strangers, say it is the statue of Monsieur

The late Judge F-- of Connecticut, was not remarkable for quickness of apprehension. At a certain time, R. W. Sherman was arguing a case before him, and in the course remarks Mr. S. made a point which the Judge did not at once see. Mr. Sherman, I would thank you to state the point so that I can on." Bowing politely, Mr. S. re-plandest manner, "Your bonor is understand you." Bowing poplied in his blandest manner, probably not aware of the task you are impos-

At one period of time the practice of ne was rather dangerous. As D jon, in 1886, a physician was fined fity golden france and imprisoned for not effecting a cure. The beautiful Austrigilda, consort to Gintran, King of Burgundy, in the sixth century, was kindly her dying request to have her two physicians

alain and buried with her.
On a rainy winter evening, a gentleman travelling in a London cab found, on nearing his destination, that he had no money with him, so, thinking he would try the honesty of the cabman, he called out as he ran up the steps of the house, "Wait a minute; I have dropped a sovereign in the cab, and will get a light and search for it." The wore a were barely ey ken when the cabman gave the horse a fu rious lash, and drove off at a furious rate. gentleman, heartily amused at the result, called after him repeatedly, but never saw cab or

A new style of bonnet has made its apper rance it Paris. It is a twine string with a diamond set in the top. (金)

Important to Tobacco Chewers and Smokers.

Everybody who is in the streets at a late hour of the night or early in the morning may notice individuals about the fronts of the restau-rants, hotels and bar-rooms, gathering from the streets and gutters the stumps of cigars that have been swept out or emptled from spittoons, and will doubtless wonder what possible use can be made of them. For the benefit of pipe-mokers and tobacco chewers we can give some information on that subject. There are a number of establishments in this city to which this fifthy refuse is taken and sold, and where it goes through the following process: It is washed dried in the sun or over a fire, placed in a small mill and ground, and then neatly put up in sma l mill and ground, and then nearly put up in sum is packages, and sold as a superior quality of fine-cut chewing and smoking tobacco of various fancy brands. The quantity of "old soldiers," as the boys call them, thus gathered, remodelled and sold every day, is almost incredible. The general quality of the tobacco which goes through this process is said to be excellent.

A Louisville boot-black has sued a mer chant there to recover 103 on a "polish you up, sir?" Defendant insisted "his beels were not shined up." Judgment, for the boy, 10c. court charges, \$3 50.

"A VALUARLE MEDICIES —Dr. Poland's White Pine Compound, advertised in our columns, is a successful attempt to combine and apply the medicinal virtues of the White Pine Bark. It has been thoroughly tested by people in this city and vicinity, and the proprietor has testimonials of its value from persons well known to our citizens. We recommend its trial in all those cases of disease to which it is adapted. It is for sale by all our druggists."—N. Y. Independent. . Y Independent

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WHITE PINE COMPOUND Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the coun-try, after having been proved by the test of eleven-years in the New Fugland States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which in part, it derives its virtues.

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Cure Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel and other Complaints. For Piles and Scurvy it will be found year, valuable. very valuable.

Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a GOOD AND TRIED MEDICINE.

It is pleasant safe and sure. Sold by Druggists ad Dealers in Medicines generally. novi?-3m

THE GRAY'S PATENT COLLARS are no doubt the best in the world, for the following reasons, viz The paper from which they are manufactured is obscubar make, being finer, stronger and handsome than any other, and is controlled entirely for these than the controlled entirely for the itan any other, and is controlled entirely for these collars. These collars for grace, elegance, beauty, purity of color, indeety of fit, and other essentials meet at requirements. The Ladies' Moided Collar—what could be neater or more delicate? The Ladies' Crimped Collar—what more tasty or graceful? The Printed Crimped Collar—what more desirable if color is preferred to virgin white? And then the Imitation Collar, so closely resembling the plainted lines collar as to almost defy detection; while for each of these, their usefulness and economy would alone be a great recommendation. It can be would alone be a great recommendation. It can be truly said of them—they are, beyond question, the best in the world.

A BOLD ROBERTY .— Dr. G. Humphrey, of Beverly, eighty-seven years of age, while at the Colton Bental Association, 737 Wainut street, breathed the laughing gas, and had three teeth extracted. On awakening, he exclaimed, "You rescals, you have robused me. "" "Robbed you of what?" we asked "Of my teeth, "and he. Four thousand one hundred and forty persons have been robbed of their teeth at the same place, within the past year. The gas operates pleasantly upon both old and young.

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THERE IS NO EXCUSE for those who drag their weary and disordered bodies into our company, when few doses of AYER'S SARSAPA-RILLA would cleaned their murky blood and restore their health and Ye muddy victims of billous disease, have some regard for your neighbors, if not for your-

THE MARKETS.

sales of Yesu bus new yellow at 92.04c. Oats are a ready at 57.65cc.

PROVISIONS—The market continues dull Small sales are reported at \$21.24,50 per bbl for new mess Pork, 14.06c

B for pain and fancy B continues dull Small sales are reported at \$6.00 per bbl for new mess Pork, 14.06c

B for sait Snoulders. Dreased Hogs are selling at \$6.00 ps. Mess Beef sells in lots at \$16.00 for watern, and \$20.00 pbls in lots at \$16.00 for watern, and \$20.00 pbls in lots at \$16.00 for left packed. Beef Hams are held at \$20.00 pbls in lots at \$16.00 for lots and to sate making at 125.00 for lots and to sate making at 125.00 for for 15.00 pbls in the same making at 125.00 pbls in 15.00 pbls

at \$34 \$\subset\$ ton

BEENVAX—Yellow sells at 38-639c \$\subset\$ B

COAL continues dull. Cargo sales are reported
at \$5-65,25 for white ash, and \$5,25-65,50 \$\subset\$ ton for

FEATHERS—Sales of good western are making at \$20 feb. no. 10 feb. FRUIT—Green Apples—Sales are making at \$20 feb. no. 10 feb.

imothy ranges as 182 90 pr bus 182 90 pr bus SPIRITS—N. E. Rum sells at \$2,6502,67 pr gal-TALLOW continues dull. Small sales are mak-

TALLOW continues dull. Small store are manifest at the Light Y B for city readered.

WOOL—The market continues inactive. About 150 use pounds sold, in lots, at from \$20.65c for double extra, 55.000c for entra; 55.057c for fine; 50c for medium; \$35.000c for extra Western pulled, and \$10.75c Y B for No. 1 Western pulled, according to quality.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

SPLENDID INDUCEMENTS FOR 1867.

The proprietors of this favorite monthly, beg leave to call the attention of their patrons and the public to their splendid arrangements for the coming year. Preserving all their old and valued contributors, they have now on hand in addition to shorter stories and shet hee the following novelets, which will appear afficestively

ORVILLE COLLEGE,

new story by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, author of teast Lynne," " The Channings," Ac., &c.

HOW A WOMAN HAD HER WAY. By ELIZABETH PRESCOTT, author of " Told

by the Sun." Ac.

NO LONGER YOUNG.

By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "In

DORA CASTEL.

By FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

Mrs. Wood writes that her story will run through the year. It will begin in the January number.

These will be accompanied by numerous shorter stories, poems, &c , by Florence Percy, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglis, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

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PHILADELPHIA, June 28, 1866.

To Seth S. Hance, Baltimore, M4. DEAR SIR :- Seeing your advertisement in the Saturday Evening Post, I was induced to try your Epileptic Pills. I was attacked with epilepsy in July, 1863. Immediately my family physician was summoned, but he could give me no relief from the medicines he prescribed. I then consulted another physician, but I seemed to grow worse. I then tried the treatment of another, but without any good effect. I again returned to my family physician, was cupped and bled at several different times.
was generally attacked without any premonitor symptoms. I had from two to five fits in a day, a about intervals of two weeks. I was often attacked in my sleep and would fall wherever I would be or whatever I would be occupied with, and was severe ly injured several times from the falls. I was affect ed so much that I lost all confidence in myself. FILOUR—The demand is limited; about 7000 bbls and in lots to the retailers and bakers at prices ranging from \$8,2508,75 for superfine; \$9010 50 for extra, \$11,500,13 25 for low grade and facey Northwest family; \$12,914 for Penns and Ohio family, and \$4,500 for \$100 for facey brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at \$7,25 \$\phi\$ bbl. GRain. Whest continues very quiet. We quote Penns red at \$2,756,10, Southern do at \$30,30, and white at \$1,306,35. Rye ranges from \$1,20 to 1.35 for Southern, Western and Penns. Corn; sales of 2000 bus new yellow at \$22,000. Oats are send at \$5,000. benefit of them. Any persons wishing any information, will obtain it by calling at my residence. 83

> WM ELDER Sent to any part of the country by mail, free postage. Address SETH S. HANCE, 108 Bultimore street, Bultimore, Md. Price-one box, 83; two 85; twelve, \$27 separt-eow10s

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tested and unrivalled family medicine The PAIN KILLER is, by universal consent allowed to have won for itself a reputation unsurpassed in the history of medicinal preparations. It instantaneous effect in the entire eradication and extinction of pain, in all its various forms incidental to the human family, and the unsolicited written The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1800 head. The prices restined from 185 0.6 Mey b 180 flows brought from 850 we 75 beed. Sheep—580 beed were disposed of at from 660% of w b. 3006 Hegs acid at from 85,00 head are, its own best advectisement 60.50 flows be 180 been advectisement 180 been 180 bee and verbal testimeny of the masses in its favor,

Marriages.

Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On Thursday, Dec. 27th, 1896, at the residence of the bride's father, Ocean county, N. J., by the Rev. W.R. Carroll, E. Moraison Woodwan, of Phila, to Countria L., daughter of Dr. G. W. Canfield. On the 25th of Dec., by the Rev. Win. H. Wood, Mr. Charlins Marrie to Miss Sarah A. Marwall, such of the city.

this city.
It is the foot, by the Rev. Wm. T. Evans H. Burn to Miss Amanda M. Foeten

Nr. JOHN H. BURK to MISS AMANDA M. FOSTAR, both of this city.
On the 24th of Dec., by the Rew A. Manship, Mr. Grones W. Savers to Miss Roserra, daughter of Mr. Edw. McGrans.
On the 21d of Dec., by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. Albay Stratuck to Miss Elizabeth Both. both of this city.
27th of Dec., by the Rev. A. Atwood, Mr.
Ross to Miss Many Campents, both of

this city
On the 21st of Nov., by the Rev. Saml. Durbecow,
Mr. Louis Frienzier to Miss Mary Manuall.,
both of this city.

BEATHS.

ID Notices of Deaths must always be accompa-ated by a responsible name.

On the 30th of Dec., Mrs. HANNAH, widow of the late Jacob S. Ritzenbouse, in her S7th year. On the 30th of Dec., John A. Moona, in his 63d year. On the 30th of Dec., Mrs. Many A. Managerian, In her 71st year
On the 19th of Dec., Parks Martin, in his 64th

year.
On the 29th of Dec., Many, widow of the late
Abraham Jacoby, in her flat year.
On the 29th of Dec., Mrs. Ann Warrall, in her On the 28th of Dec , Samuel None; in his list On the 28th of Dec , Many Dracon, in her ?7th

On the 28th of Dec., Mrs. Maky A. T. Elliott in her 52d year.

VALENTINES.

Send for the Puzzle Valentines.

20 PUZZLE VALENTINES, ALL A RIDDLE country for 50 cents, with the key, mailed to any part of the country for 50 cents, with the key to explain them Greatly improved since last year. Also, Comic and Sentimental Valentines mailed or expressed. I A. PITFMAN, Publisher, S. West Third St., Cin. in-

ORATORIOS AND CANTATAS.—ORATORIOS —The Creation, Haydu, cloth \$2, hoards \$1.50, paper \$1.50. Messiah, Handel, cloth \$2, hoards \$6.00, paper \$1.50. Mossa in Heypt, Rosiani, \$2.25. David, Neukomm, \$1.50. Faul, Mendelasoha, cloth \$2, bards \$1.00, paper \$1.75. Mt. Stati, Costa, cloth \$2.50, boards \$2, paper \$1.75. Mt. Stati, Neukomm, \$2. Praise to God, Bristow, \$2.25.

Mt Sinal, Neukomm, \$2. Prime to Gra, Briskey, \$2.25.

CANTATAS — As the Hart Pants, Mendelssohn, boards 60 cts., paper 50. Hear my Prayer, Mendelssohn, 50. Hymn of Praise, Mendelssohn, 81. Miriam's Song of Triumph, Schubert, 75. Prise of Friendship, Mozart, 50. St. Cecilia's Day Van Bree, cloth \$1.25, paper 81. May Queen, Bennett, cloth \$1.25, paper 81. The Morning, Reiss, 50. Morm King, Baker, 25. Winter Evening's Entertainment, tult, cloth \$1.25, paper \$1. Translent and Eternal, Romberg, 25. Great Rebellion, Websiter, \$3. Sent, post-paid, OLIVER DITSON & Co., Publishers, Boaton

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FIT AND HUMOR.

Judicial Blunders.

The famous Lord Kenyon is pictured as an morant and abourd person, and these succedors ignorant and abourd person, and these anecdote are told of him:—

One day he would silenes an importun-

or loquations barrister by excla " Ret modus on relus," or as the vernacular hat! it, there must be an end of all things; on an other day be would clothe his face with th wiscet of his judicial aspects, and observe, " Is advancing to a conclusion on this subject. I am resolved stare supra antiques max. When a glaring case of fraud was brought before his observation, he exclaimed, "The dishonesty is servation, he exclaimed, "The dishonesty is manifest; in the words of an old Latin sage, ap parently 'Later ampuls in herba.'" to a deeply edified grand jury he remarked in a tone of solemn pathor, "Having thus discharged your conseder ces, gentlemen, you may retire to your comes in peace, with the delightful conscious nees of having performed your duties well; and as you compose yourselves for nocturnal sluta-ber, you may apply to yourselves the words heathen philosopher, 'Aut Cesar as

Without the assistance of Latin, some of his remarks uttered from the judgment seat were very provocative of laughter. "The allegation," he exclaimed indignantly during the camination of an unsatisfactory witness, "is as far from truth as old Booterium from the Northern Main-a line I have heard or met with God

Oa another occasion, when he reprimanded an attorney for oursing a needless and vexations delay in a cause, he observed in boldly metaphorical language, "This is the last hair in the tail of procrastination, and it must be plucked out;" and he is reported to have lectured "twelve gentlemen in the box" thus: "If an individual can be all the control that a referred to dividual can break down any of these safeguards which the Constitution has wisely and cautious! erected, by poisoning the minds of the jury at time when they are called upon to decide, he will stab the administration of justice in its most vital parts.

To several later judges, as well as to Kenyon has been attributed the memorable judicial ad-dress to the dishonest butier who had been con-victed of stealing large quantities of wine from his master's cellar. "Prisoner at the bar," the judge is reported to have said, "you stand con-victed on the most conclusive evidence of a crime of inexpressible atrocity—a crime that defices the excred springs of domestic confidence, and is calculated to strike alarm into the breast of every Euglishman who invests largely in the choicer vintages of Southern Europe. Like the serpent of old you have stong the hand of your protector. Fortunate in having a generous employer, you might, without dishonesty, have con tinued to supply your wretched wife and children with the comforts of sufficient prosperity and even with some of the luxuries of afficence but dead to every c'aim of natural affection, and blind to your own real interest, you burst through all the restraints of religion and morality, and

A fair match for these is the story of an Irish pricet who rebuked his parishioner for drunken ness, and told him that "whenever he entered an alchouse to drink, his guardian angel stood weeping at the doos." "And if he had sixpence he'd be in himself," was Pat's reply.

Shooting Stars.

There was a man who, when the stars were complained below, used to rig up a telescope wherewith to study astronomy at a sixpence s One night as he was getting under way, I saw

two Irish gentlemen taking observations of his movements. Both were policemen. "Jemle," said one, "what in the world is you fellow after with his machinery?"

"Whiet, ye spaineen," whispered the other, "and sure can't ye see that it's an air-gun can non that he's got. He's shooting stars he is."
"Hadn't we better be gettin out ov the way thin ?" inquired his friend.

Shure and it's not us," was the answer "didn't ve ever hear of shooting star

By this time the telescope man had arranged his instrument and equinted through it at the stars. The policeman gazed up likewise in wonder. Just then, by an odd chance, a large meteor shot down the sky

"Bedad, he hit it—he's fetched it down," cried both the Paddies in one breath! "Shure and that's the greatest shootin' I ever saw in my life!" But a sense of duty prevailed, and one of them at once rudely accosted the man of science

Ye'll jist stop that now, misther, ev ye please. The night is dark chough now, plinty, and if ye go on shootin' stars at that rate, we'll our way about the stre

And the telescope man had to pack up and

A Raw Pickin -" Mother," asked a tal gawkey, " what did you and dad used to do when came courting 301

"Good agh and seas! what put that into the boy's head? What do you mean, Jede-

tother night, and she told me I didn't know how to court. I asked her to show me, and see she, "Ax your marm?" What did you do,

"Lat sur! Why, Jed, we used to sit in the corner and eat roast turkey !"

"Good gracione! times aint as they used to be, mother, eartin-the only thing Peggy gin

A Good Joss - A comical quarrel, says a aris cosemporary, took place the other day on a boulevard. A gentleman roughly accosted a workingman, and accossed him of swinding. "You sold me," be said, "a pomade to make my hair grow; see, my head is as smooth as a piece of leather."

"Sir," answered the vender of ointment "you wrong me. There are lands where the been seed won't grow. It is not the fault of the seed

The gentleman did not continue the discu-

ta A young rustic was exhibiting three pounds of very choice sprace gum at a store in Chotquay, New York, when a Scatonian, pleased with its clear, transparent appearance, asked the young man what he would take for it "Golly," raid he, "you can't have a chor out of this; my gal is gold to have every bli



A MODEST BEGGAR.

Box .- "Please, paraon, mother wants some soup."

THE RECTOR.- "But I told your mother she must send something to put it in." Buy .- "Oh, please, she've sent tiffis pa-all vor 'un, pa-arson !!" [Mother probably keeps a boarding-house.]

It seems that we've a woman or two in this city who is capable of handling the reigns government, as will be shown by what fol-

Our reporter was around hunting a house for a friend, and called to see a family who were preparing to vacate a cosy dwelling. As the door stood open, reporter walked in without knocking, and his eyes straightway lighted on the dame of the household, who was making frantic lunges with a broom stick at some object under the bed.

"Good morning, madam. Ah! you have a troublesome cat under the bed?" "Troublesome cat? -no sir! It's that sneak ing husband of mine; and I'll have him out, or break every bone in his body!"

"You will, eh?" said a faint voice under the bed. "Now, Susy, you may rave and pound, and pound and rave; but I'll be dogged if I'll come out from under this bed while I've got the

tw Old lady (to a hackman) -" But thes hacks are dangerous. You never know who rides in them. We might get the small por." Coachy—"You've no cause to be afeard of my coach, mum, for I've 'ad the 'ind wheels wacc' nated, and it took beautiful."

THEY SAY.

They say -Ah! well, suppose they do, But can they prove the etory true? Suspicion may arise from naught But malice, cuvy, want of thought Why count vourself among the Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say-But why the tale rehearse, And help to make the matter worse No good can possibly accrue From telling what may be untrue; And is it not a nobler plan To speak of all the best you can?

They say-Well, if it should be so, Why need you tell the tale of wor Will it the bitter wrong redress, Or make one pang of sorrow less? Will it the erring one restore, Henceforth to "go and sin no more?"

They say - O pause, and look within, See how thy heart's inclined to sin Thou, too, should'st sink beneath its power. Pity the frail, weep o'er their fall, But speak of good or not at all.

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. SOMETHING OF THE SOUTH

Within fifteen sears from this New Year's day, 1867, every State south of the old obsolet so long the dominant idea, will be in the market as sellers, in the field as producers, and in the eands of articles as competing manufacturersrivals, equals, peers if you please, of any Slate

or States east, north or west. One of these days we shall have cotton down to the old ten cent line for best Mississippi and Louisiana etable. But it will be only after the States in which cotton has hitherto been made a speciality shall have put on wealth and inde-pendence by pursuing other lines of agriculture, and by home manufactures so chespered and multiplied all kinds of sgricultural implements, that they shall come within the reach of every

planter and farmer, superseding manual labor and rendering it a pleasant possibility to plant,

cultivate, harvest and prepare for market cotton at twenty per cent. less cost than was possible The southern people's surest, most direct and expeditious road to wealth and independence is in grain growing, stock raising, pork making, cheese dairying, and all kinds of manufacturin The sooner a very great many people, both north and south, put behind them the mistaken notion that the States south will only produce otton, tobacco, rice, tar and turpentine, sugar alligators and swamp moss, the better it will be for the whole country, and the sooner the south will come up to the meridian of true inde-

South Carolina herre'f, traditionally all cotton, rice and palmetto, is capable of producing

pasturage for five million head of horned stock and every year four times more as good wheat as was ever grown anywhere than her entire population could corsume, living on wheaten bread exclusively. North Carolina can maintain twelve million sheep, and horses and horned stock in numbers equal to those of any other territory of equal area in the Union, besides producing all the grains, vegetables, and every variety of fruit, not strictly tropical, in as liberal yield, equal in quality, and requiring no greater cost of production than the general average elec-

Maryland and Virginia are equally and both eminently adapted to grazing, dairying, the production of grain and vegetables, horticulture and truck gardening. Georgia has an upland range of pasturage that utilized and stocked would supply the whole Atlantic States market with best beef and superb mutton, while her sea ward slopes and low land fields devoted to the vine, fruits and corn, would rapidly change her vil and social status, making her an empire

be ere long, besides producing wheat and corn equal in quality to any grown anywhere, and a yield per acre greater than that of any State north of her, can pasture four million sheep comfortably, and turn out more pork annually than any other State in the Union. Mississipp may be made into either a corn field from end may be made into either a corn field from end to end and side to side, averaging per acre more corn than Ohio, Indiana or Illinois, or grazing being the preference, Texas or the Buenos Ayrean pampas are no whit better adapted to the purpose

Butter, from several interfering obstacles, will never become a popular or paying southern production, though there is a possibility of making ome very good butter in the south. esten butter made in mideummer on a Georgia plantation separated from Florida only by the width of the St. Mary's river, better butter we can buy in any northern market : and often in the interior unland counties of North Carolina we have seen and eaten butter made by North Carolina wemen from native North Carolina cowe, in color, consistency and all correct requi-sites of good butter fully equal to the best sumple the "Land of Goshen" ever produced.

But while butter making will never become heese making may and will, just as inevitably as the south will rapidly become a great grazing and grain growing region. There is as much material in southern as in northern r western pastures; a breed of cows equal to dinary northern dairy stock will give as much milk per day anywhere in the south, the pas-turage being equal to ours, as they do in New The milk will be York, Pennsylvania or Ohio. equally rich—why not? And as throughout a very large portion of the southern territory there Insignificant outlay for winter shelter and food, and as the dairy stock will have the advantage of pasturage the year round, of course the annual supply of milk will be months of housing up and hay feeding are a ne-cessity; so that southern cheese making once lairly inaugurated, the material of a quality 'dairy" can be made at ast fully one third less than our northern cheese factories will be able to make it.

The true policy of all the States south lies in as they can, and turning all their energy and enterprise to grain farming, grazing, wool growing, manufacturing, cheese making and getting rich.

BROWSING SPACE

Please don't misinterpret and put an "east ern" construction upon the phrase, making it to mean beating and thrashing dumb beasts about with a brush or great "gad." That is not it-What we mean by "browsing" nothing like it. is feeding to, or affording animals an opportunity to feed themselves during the winter on the buds and tender twigs of all such trees as may be felled for fire wood, timber, or any other pur-pose. Horses, borned cattle and sheep are all tond of "browse," and will crop it greedily during the winter whenever an opportunity is afforded.

"Browse," besides being a wholesome, nourish ing food, is at the same time of great value as an alterative, curing constipation and keeping the bowels open and active during the season of dry hay feeding. The buds of nearly all our forest trees, as the oak, hickory, maple, beech, bass and airch are highly nutritious, containing as they do the germs of flowers and fruit-the concentrated principles of meat and muscle-making material. We have often seen both making material. We have often seen both horned cattle and sheep turn from the brightest, sweetest hay, and fall to quarrelling for first bites upon bemlock and juniper boughs, fresh cut and flung about the yard.

Once in the interior of the Empire State, mid-

way of one of the most severe winters that history or tradition has any account of, feed for stock began to fail in all the region—not a hun-dred of hay, bushel of grain or bundle of straw could be purchased at any price. Frost and famine began to slay all sorts of stock, and there was no remedy.

farmer etep-father-in-law, with whom three of our juvenile winters were spent, was a well-to-do man, having a song farm, four horses, a yoke of exen, eight milk cows, about fifteen head of young stock and some forty sheep, with comfortable shelter for all. But about the end of January we began to get well down towards the bottom of the "hay," and the prospects were that before the first of April there would be more carcases lying about the fields than the foxes could dispose of, and as many hides to hang up as we could find room for.

But one afternoon, before death began on our stock, two steers got adrift and wandered into the woods where we had been cutting firewood. Going to drive them home, we found them browsing away in the top of a great maple lately felled, cropping the twigs as if they were corn. The steers were left undisturbed, the discovery reported at head-quarters, and within half an hour Uncie Ben and Boy Cosmo had every hoof and horn belonging to the place in the woods browsing out for themselves a famous supper. From that time forth every day we felled trees, and horses, horned cattle and sheep browsed through the winter, coming out when pasture came in capital condition, leaving us a ton or so of hav in the bottom of the bag

GATHERED GRAINS.

A good many millions of our fauit peets, millers, bugs and worms, mistaking our extended indian summer for next spring, came out pre-maturely, and the sudden cold snap has fixed 'em, dead as nits. So, all other things being propitious, we may look for fruit next year less wormy than we have had it in a long time.

Norwithstanding the cranberry crop of 66 runs above that of the previous year by at least a third, old prices are maintained and more. Sixteen, eighteen and twenty cents per quart are selling rates for "Jerseys" just now

More cranberry patches are needed.

— Alstralla is going to exchange productions with us. Sends seed wheat, Ballarst grass and a kangaroo, and gets Monitor and Mercer potatoes, Newtown pippins and two Chester pigs —Ur in the Lake Superior copper region they have found a subterranean stream of sour water—makes capital pickles. So they say. Order vinegar probably. Look out next for a

-Tile woodpecker family are all emigrating from Pennsylvania. Not a red head or "sap-sucker" once a month. Good for the "borers" and had for the fruit trees this way.

-RADDITS were never so thin in flesh at this season. Old gamesters say pussies expected the Indian summer to run on all winter took no pains to put on fat. Too late now

RECEIPTS.

SNOW CREAM. - Have a dish of new-fallen snow brought in, help each one to a saucer full, then pass round the table to be poured over the enow, a pitcher of the following preparation for less Crean.—Two quarts of good rich milk; four fresh eggs; three-quarters pound of white sugar; six teaspoons of Bermuda arrow root. Rub the arrow root smooth in a little cold milk; beat the eggs and sugar together; bring the milk to the boiling point; then stir in the arrow root; remove it from the fire, and immediately add the eggs and sugar, stirring briskly to keep the eggs from cooking, then set aside to cool. If flavored with extracte let it be done just before putting it in the freezer. If the vanilla

PLUM PUDDING, (MERY GOOD) -- Ingredients: One pound and a-half of raisins, half a pound of One pound and a nair or raisins, nair a pound or currants, half-a pound of mixed peel, three quarters of a pound of bread crumbs, three quarters of a pound of suet, eight eggs, one wineglassful of brandy. Mode: Stone and cut the raisins in halves, but do not chop them; wash, pick, and dry the currants, and mince the suet finely; cut the candied peel into thin elices, and grate down the bread into fine crumbs. When all these dry ingredients are prepared, mix them well to gether then moisten the mixture with the eggs (which should be well beaten) and the brandy ly blended, and press the pudding into a butter-ed mould; tie it down tightly with a floured cloth, and boil for five or six hours. It may be boiled in a cloth without a mould, and will re quire the same time allowed for cooking. As these puddings are usually made a few days be fore they are required for table, when the pud ding is taken out of the pot hang it up immediately, and put a plate or saucer underneath to eatch the water that may drain from it. The day it is to be eaten, plunge it into boiling water, and keep it boiling for at least two hours

Make.—Five or six of these puddings may be made at one time, as they will keep good for many weeks, and in cases where unexpected guests arrive will be found as acceptable, and, as it only requires warming through, a quickly prepared dish.

ALMOND PUDDING .- Take half a pound of blesched almonds, and pound them in a mortar until they are quite fine. Beat up eight eggs mix a pound of sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter to a cream; stir in the almonds, then the eggs, a little rose water, and a pint of cream. Bake it in a deep plate or pudding-dish, with a riog of puff paste. Bake it three-quarters

COCOANUT PUDDING -Break the cocoanut and save the milk; peel off the brown skin, and grate the cocoanus very fine. Take the same weight of cocoanut, fine white sugar, and butter rub the butter and sugar to a cream, and add five eggs well besten, one cup of cream, the milk of the cocoanut, and a little grated lemon. Line a dish with a rich paste; put in the pudding, and bake it one hour. Cover the rim with Paper, if necessary.
OVSTARS A LA POULETTE.—One pint of oyeters,

and juice, on the fire, in a saucepan. Skim as the seum rises.

Take another pap. Mix a tablespoonful of butter and one of flour, on the fire; when melt-ed, stir in half a pint of milk.

When the oysters boil up, put in the milk, and salt to taste, and serve. Clean some large oyster shells, and serve the poulette in them; when so served it is called haitres en coquilles.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTER FOR THE SATURDAY BYENING PONT

I am composed of 15 letters. My 2, 14, 5, 12, is a piace of public sale.

My 7, 1, 9, 3, 11, 15, is to embrace. My 12, 10, 4, 3, is to weary. My 12, 10, 4, 3, 1s to weary.

My 13, 1, 9, 5, 6, is to join in wedlock.

My 8, 14, 11, 12, 3, is to burry.

My whole is what we all I hope have paid.

IDA E. P.

Charade.

WRITTEN POR THE SATURDAY EVENING PONY

My first is a kitchen utensil.
My second is a letter.
My third is part of the foot.
My whole is a root.

W. H. M.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING PORT.

My lat is in dog, but not in cat, My 2nd is in mouse, but not in rat

My fird is in pear, but not in peach, My 4th is in scream, but not in screech

My 6th is in plane, but not in flate, My 6th is in plant, but not in root. My 7th is in study, but not in play,

My 8th is in road, but not in way.

My 8th is in wagon, but not in horse,
My 10th is in fine, but not in coarse.

y whole is a town in Pennsylvania.

Mathematical Problem.

WAITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The diagonal from the south-eastern lower corner of a saloon (that is where two of the sides and the floor meet in the corner) to the north-western upper corner thereof, (where the other two sides and the ceiling of said saloon do meet the opposite corner,) is found to be 87 feet.—Now, providing the length of said saloon is to the breadth thereof as 5 is to 2, and the breadth thereof is to the height of the same as 8 is to 3, will some able mathematician find the length, breadth, and height of the above de-scribed saloon, and return me his answers there-

DANIEL DIEFENBACH. Krauerville, Snyder Co., Pa.

Problem.

WRITTER FOR THE SATURDAY SYRKING POST.

I sold an ox for 50 dollars, and gained as much per cent as the ox cost. What did I pay for him? WM. H. MORROW.

An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

If we admit the distance from the centre of the earth to the centre of the moon, to be 240-, 8,000 miles, and that of the moon 2,112 miles, at what point between them would the greatest amount of surface be visible—granting that the

J. M. GREENWOOD

Pauloille, Adair Co., Mo. An answer is requested.

What sort of a throat is the best for a

ger to reach the high notes with? Ans .-When they are "i'm are soldiers like babies? Ans. -A soar throat.

When they are "in arms."

Why is a selfish friend like the letter P?

Ana Because, though he is the first in pity, he is the last in help.

When has a lady more water in her system than when she has a cataract in her sys-tem than when she has a cataract in her eyes, a creek in her back, a waterfall on her poll, and her shoes high-tied? Ans.—When she has a notion (an ocean) in her head.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA-Abednego. CHARADE-Hare-bell-(bare-bell) RIDDLE-Cosmo. RID-DLE-Truth-(Ruth-rut-but.)

A Magie Trick.

At a celebrated Parieian restaurant, in 1861, an extempore bet was decided, interesting in its way. A Mississippi gentleman won a big pile. He bet that he would bring five hundred drops out of an empty bottle from which the last supernaculum had been drained.

It was done in the fairest way, without any dodge, upon the purest, natural philosophical principles. The secret is this:

There is a great deal of moisture still remainin the bottle, only it is dispersed all over the inside in hom copathic particles, too minute to be poured out in any way. You take the bottle, hold it nearly horizontally, shake it up well, and strike the lower part of the neck re peatedly on your hand. After you have mani-pulated it in this way for a minute or two, (the length of time depends upon the performer's skill,) the moisture becomes collected and condensed in the neck, and then you can jerk out upon a plate or a sheet of white paper, m drope in a quarter of a minute than you can count in a quarter of an hour. It made quite a sensation at the time, but soon spread ab renchman who was present exhibited the trick the next night at the Maison d'Or.

Keep your boy a boy whilst he is a boy; a well-behaved, polite boy; a manly boy; a courageous self-reliant boy; no milk-sop boy tied to his mother's skirts, but still a boy; not a weakling fop, a precocious enob, a conceited monkey, sping the airs and acquiring the habits of grown-up dandles and fast characters. Don't make a self-indulgent small gentleman of him make a self-indulgent small gentleman of him. Teach him to wait upon and take care of him-self, and to respect his inferiors and treat them courteously and kindly. Pray save him from the absurdity of a cane and kid gloves, and gar-ments that are not suitable for down-right, hearty play. It may be pretty and aristocratic and a sign of your opulence to dress him up in the height of fashion; but in so doing you run the risk of spoiling him for any robust and useful living.